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# MACBETH:

*A TRAGEDY.*

WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

WITH

*NOTES AND EMENDATIONS,*

BY

HARRY ROWE,

TRUMPET-MAJOR TO THE HIGH SHERIFFS OF YORKSHIRE;  
AND MASTER OF A PUPPET-SHOW.

*Propera Stomachum laxare saginis,  
Et tua servatum consume in sœcula rhombum.*

JUV. SAT. IV.

THE SECOND EDITION.

YORK:

PRINTED BY WILSON, SPENCE, AND MAWMAN; SOLD BY VERNOR  
AND HOOD, LONDON; AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS IN YORK.

*Anno 1799.*

Dupl. 259720, etc.

TO

SIR WILLIAM MILNER, BART.

SIR,

DEEPLY impressed with the sense of your many amiable qualities, I presume to dedicate to you this second edition of Shakspeare's Macbeth; and I take this liberty, in confidence that you will favourably receive the labours of a very old man, who has spent sixty years in the service of the public: I do not expect to live long, but I assure you from the bottom of my heart, that I shall be happy to bestow upon you, and the Citizens of York, the last blast that I shall give in this world.

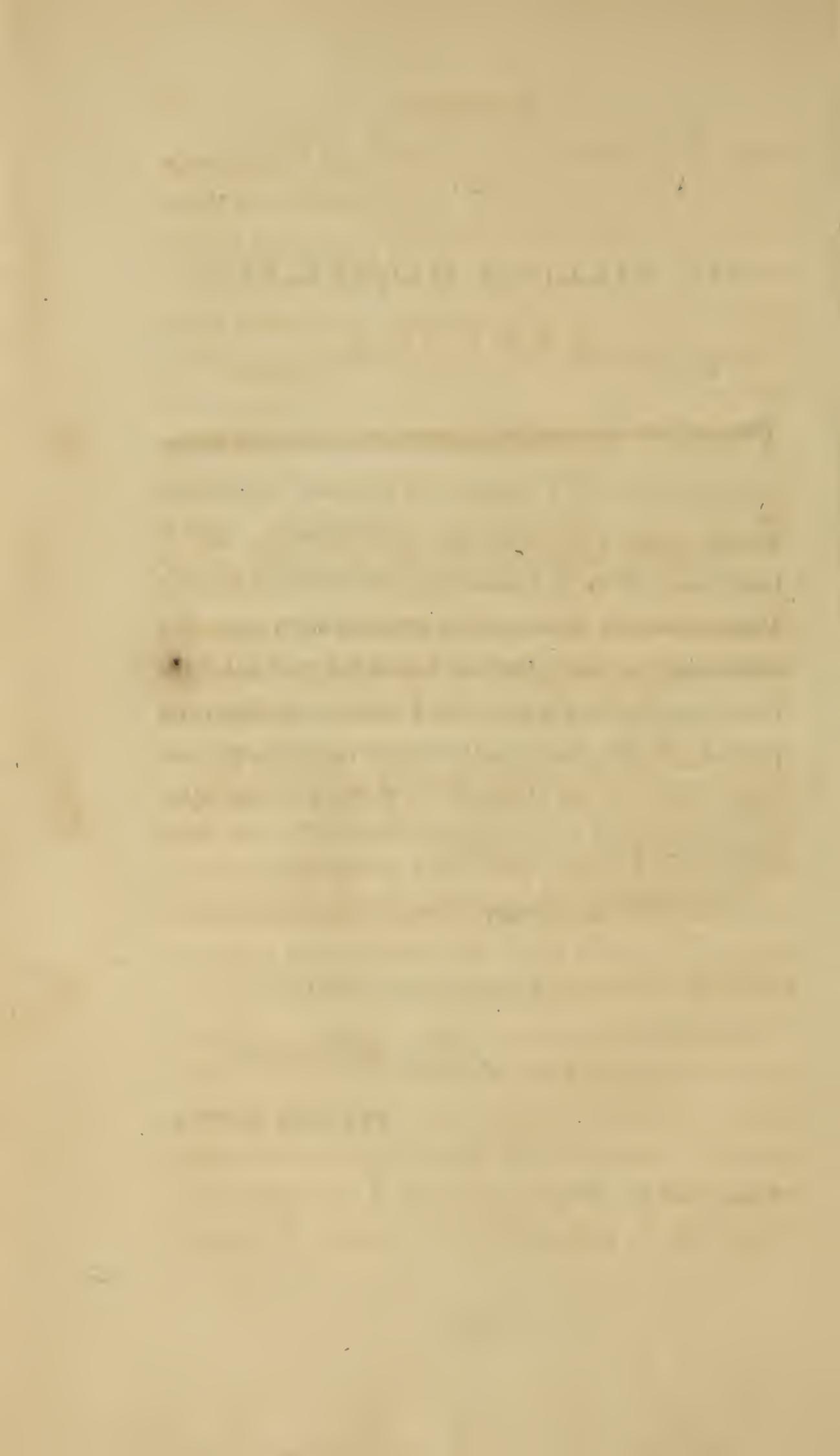
I am, Sir,

Your obliged, obedient,

And devoted servant,

HARRY ROWE.

YORK, MAY 30, 1799.



## P R E F A C E.

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I HAVE the vanity to say, that for these thirty years past, I have honourably filled the office of Trumpet-major to the High Sheriffs of Yorkshire; and during that long period, I have ushered into the Castle of York no less than ninety Judges, all learned in the Law. Yet, notwithstanding the emoluments of my high office, I was, six months ago, as poor as the poorest felon that ever was hanged at Tyburn; and, had it not been for the kind interference of a few friends, I must have died of want, in which case, the world would have lost an able Commentator, and my Benefactors a grateful friend. Critics may call *me* an impudent fellow, if they please; and my *associates* a parcel of block-heads; but I would have those learned gentlemen to know, that what we want in genius, we make up in solidity. In plain English, I am Master of a Puppet-show; and as from the nature of my em-

ployment, I am obliged to have a few stock-plays ready for representation, whenever I am accidentally visited by a select party of Ladies and Gentlemen, I have added the Tragedy of Macbeth to my Green-room collection. The alterations that I have made in this play are warranted from a careful perusal of a very old manuscript in the possession of my prompter, one of whose ancestors by the mother's side, was rush-spreader, and candle-snuffer, at the Globe play-house, as appears from the following memorandum on a blank page of the manuscript.

*This day March the fourth 1598, received the sum of seven shillings and fourpence for six bundles of rushes and two pair of brass snuffers.*

Having brought myself forward as a Dramatic Critic, let me beseech the authors of the PURSUITS OF LITERATURE to bestow upon me, and my wooden company, an immortal flagellation.

HARRY ROWE.

YORK, MAY 30, 1799.



## Dramatis Personae.

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### MEN.

DUNCAN, King of Scotland.

MALCOLM,

DONALBAIN,

MACBETH,

BANQUO,

LENOX,

MACDUFF,

Rosse,

MENTETH,

ANGUS,

CAITHNESS,

FLEANCE, son to Banquo.

SIWARD, General of the English forces.

Young SIWARD, his son.

SEYTON, an officer attending on Macbeth.

Son to MACDUFF. An English Doctor. A Scotch Doctor.

A Captain. A Porter. An Old Man.

### WOMEN.

LADY MACBETH.

LADY MACDUFF.

Gentlewoman attending on Lady Macbeth.

HECATE, and three Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, Murderers, Attendants, and Messengers.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE, in the end of the fourth Act, lies in England;

through the rest of the play, in Scotland,

and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.

# M A C B E T H.

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## ACT I.

### SCENE I. AN OPEN PLACE.

*Thunder and Lightning.* Enter three Witches.

*First Witch.* WHEN shall we three meet again  
In thunder, lightning, and <sup>a</sup> in rain?

*Second Witch.* When the hurly-burly's over <sup>b</sup>,  
When the battle's lost and won.

*Third Witch.* That will be ere set of sun.

*First Witch.* Where the place?

---

<sup>a</sup> In thunder, lightning, or in rain? *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

Most of Shakspeare's Commentators, by using the disjunctive particle, OR, for the conjunctive, AND, have, in my opinion, lessened the terror of the scenery. Thunder, lightning, and rain, when combined, present a terrific image; but, when separated, they cease to impress the mind with the same degree of terror. I have therefore restored the word AND to what I conceive was its original place.

H. R.

<sup>b</sup> When the hurly-burly's done. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

To say A riot's done,  
A battle's done,  
A storm's done,  
A hurly-burly's done,

is not very good English. My company of wooden comedians always say OVER.

Præsente quercu, ligna quivis colligit.

H. R.

B

*Second Witch.* Upon the heath.

*Third Witch.* There we go to<sup>c</sup> meet Macbeth.

[Paddocke calls within.]

*First Witch.* I come:—Grimalkin!—

*All.* Paddocke calls:—Anon.

Fair is foul, and foul is fair:

Hover through the fog and filthy air.

[Thunder. Witches vanish.]

*SCENE II. A CAMP NEAR FORES.*

*Alarum within.* Enter KING DUNCAN, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

*King.* What bloody man is that? He can report, As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt The newest state.

*Mal.* This is the captain, Who like a good and hardy soldier fought 'Gainst my captivity:—Hail, brave friend! Say to the King the knowledge of the broil, As thou didst leave it.

*Cap.* Doubtful it stood, As two spent swimmers, that do cling together, And choke their art. The merciless Macdonel, (Worthy to be a rebel; for, to that The multiplying villanies of nature Do swarm upon him) from the western isles

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<sup>c</sup> There to meet with Macbeth. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

With <sup>d</sup> Kernes and Gallowglasses was supply'd ;  
 And Fortune on his damned quarrel smiling,  
 Shew'd like a rebel's whore. But all too weak :  
 For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name)  
 Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steel,  
 Which smok'd with bloody execution,  
 Like Valour's minion, caried out his passage,  
 'Till he fac'd the slave :  
 And ne'er shook hands nor bade farewell to him,  
 'Till he unseam'd him from the nape <sup>e</sup> to the chops,  
 And fix'd his head upon our battlements.

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<sup>d</sup> ————— the merciless Macdonel,  
 (Worthy to be a rebel; for to that  
 The multiplying villanies of nature  
 Do swarm upon him) from the western isles  
 Of Kernes and Gallowglasses is supply'd.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Kernes and Gallowglasses were light, and heavy-armed foot,  
 and not the names of any of the western islands. By changing  
 the old "of" into the modern "with" all ambiguity is re-  
 moved.

H. R.

<sup>e</sup> And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,  
 'Till he unseam'd him from the *nave* to the chops.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

"Nave" is nonsense. A gash made by a broad-sword, slanting from the nape of the neck to the jaw, is here correctly described, and stands in no need of explanation. Upon "nave" and "nape," commentators have miserably commented. I should have been sorry, if any of my puppets had used "nave," for "nape." The rage and hatred of Macbeth, (*odium interne-*  
*cinum*) is here finely depicted, by his not shaking hands with Macdonel, or even wishing him "farewel" when dying. In the

*King.* Oh, valiant cousin! worthy gentleman!

*Cap.* As whence the sun 'gins his reflexion,  
Shipwrecking storms and direful thunders break;  
So from that spring, whence comfort seem'd to come,  
Discomfort swells. Mark, King of Scotland, mark!  
No sooner justice had, with valour arm'd,  
Compell'd these skipping kernes to trust their heels;  
But the Norwaying lord, surveying 'vantage,  
With furbish'd arms, and new supplies of men  
Began a fresh assault.

*King.* Dismay'd not this  
Our captains, Macbeth and Banquo?

*Capt.* Yes;

As sparrows, eagles; or the hare, the lion.  
If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks<sup>f</sup>;  
So they  
Doubly redoubled strokes upon the foe.  
Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,  
Or memorize another Golgotha<sup>g</sup>,

---

days of chivalry, the combatants always shook hands, or performed a military salute, before the onset, as a proof that neither of the parties harboured malice. Prize-fighters, and boxers, do the same thing at this day.

H. R.

<sup>f</sup> In the year 1327, fire-arms were first employed by the English in their wars with Scotland. Barbour calls them “ crackys of war.”

H. R.

<sup>g</sup> Golgotha, in Hebrew, signifies a “ place of skulls.” To bathe in blood issuing from reeking wounds, or to raise a pyramid of skulls, are flights hardly warrantable in serious narration.

H. R.

I cannot tell:—

But I am faint, my gashes cry for help.—

*King.* As <sup>h</sup> well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;

They smack of honour both:—Go, get him surgeons.

[*Exit Captain, attended.*

*Enter Rosse.*

Who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy Thane of Rosse.

*Len.* What a haste looks through his eyes?

So should he look, that seems to speak things strange.

*Rosse.* God save the King!

*King.* Whence cam'st thou, worthy Thane?

*Rosse.* From Fife, great King,

Where the Norwegian banners flout the sky,

And fan our people cold.

Norway himself, with terrible numbers,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor,

The Thane of Cawdor, began a dismal conflict:

'Till that Bellona's bridegroom<sup>1</sup>, lapt in proof,

Confronted him with self-comparisons,

Point against point rebellious, arm 'gainst arm,

<sup>h</sup> So well thy words become thee, as thy wounds;

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

<sup>1</sup> Some Critics observe upon this line, that it is a proof of how little Shakspeare knew of antient mythology. The line does not appear to be a violation of antient mythology. Our Author only figuratively calls Macbeth "Bellona's Bridegroom." Suidas is not blamed for calling Aristotle "Nature's Secretary."

Curbing his lavish spirit: And to conclude,  
The victory fell on us.

*King.* Great happiness!

*Rosse.* Now Sweno, Norway's King, craves com-  
position;

Nor would we deign him burial of his men,  
Till he disbursed at Saint Colme's Inch,  
Ten thousand dollars, to our general use.

*King.* No more that Thane of Cawdor shall deceive  
Our bosom-int'rest:—Go, pronounce his death,  
And with his former title greet Macbeth.

*Rosse.* I'll see it done.

*King.* What he hath lost, noble Macbeth hath won.

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III. A HEATH.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Where hast thou been, sister?

*Second Witch.* Killing swine.

*Third Witch.* Sister, where thou?

*First Witch.* A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht:—Give  
me, quoth I:—

*A rown-tree*<sup>k</sup>, witch!—the rump-fed ronyon cries.

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<sup>k</sup> *A roint tkee*, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

In Scotland, the rown-tree, in England, the witchen-tree, or mountain ash, (*sorbus aucuparia*) was supposed to have the property of driving away witches and evil spirits. An antient song, called the “Laidley Worm of Spindleston Haughs,” has the following stanza:

Her husband's to Aleppo gone, master o' the Tyger:  
 But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
 And like a rat without a tail,  
 I'll do,—I'll do,—and I'll do.

*Second Witch.* I'll give thee a wind.

*First Witch.* Thou art kind.

*Third Witch.* And I another.

*First Witch.* I myself have all the other;  
 And the very points they blow;  
 All the quarters that they know,  
 I' the shipman's card.—  
 I will drain him dry as hay:  
 Sleep shall, neither night nor day,  
 Hang upon his pent-house lid;  
 He shall live a man forbid:  
 Weary seven-nights, nine times nine,

“ Their spells were vain. The hags return'd

“ To the Queen in sorrowful mood,

“ Crying that witches have no power

“ Where there is rown-tree wood.”

*A rown-tree!* was certainly the answer angrily given to the witch by the sailor's wife, and not *aroint thee!* which is nonsense, although adhered to by all Shakspeare's commentators. Some of these learned gentlemen have increased the absurdity, by supposing that the rump-fed woman was charitably fed from a great man's kitchen; because, in antient days, “ rumps,” “ kidneys,” “ fat,” and “ trotters,” were the perquisites of the cook, and sold to the poor. Whereas, our author only meant to convey an idea of a fat, indolent, and unwieldy sailor's wife, of which, *fac-similes* may, at this day, be seen in every sea-port of Great Britain. Besides, Shakspeare tells us, that her husband was gone to Aleppo, “ master of the Tyger,” which is more a proof of riches than of poverty.

H. R.

Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :  
 Though his bark cannot be lost,  
 Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
 Look, what I have.

*Second Witch.* Shew me, Shew me

*First Witch.* Here I have a pilot's thumb,  
 Wreck'd as homeward he did come. [Drum within

*Third Witch.* A drum, a drum !—

Macbeth doth come.

*All.* The weird sisters, hand in hand,  
 Posters o'er<sup>1</sup> the sea and land,  
 Thus do go about, about ;  
 Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,  
 And thrice again, to make up nine :  
 Peace !—the charm's wound up.

Enter MACBETH and BANQUO.

*Macb.* So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

*Ban.* How far is't call'd to Forres ?—What are these,  
 So wither'd and so wild in their attire,  
 That look not like the inhabitants o' the earth,  
 And yet are on't ?—Live you, or are you aught  
 That man may question ? You seem to understand me,  
 By each at once her choppy finger laying  
 Upon her skinny lips.—You should be women,  
 And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
 That you are so.

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<sup>1</sup> Posters of the sea and land.      Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

My reading is supported by what Bartholinus says of the Northern Parcæ, or Wierd Sisters.—*Per aëra et maria equitant.* H. R.

*Macb.* Speak, if you can:—What are you?

*First Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee,  
Thane of Glamis!

*Second Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! Hail to thee,  
Thane of Cawdor!

*Third Witch.* All hail, Macbeth, thou shalt be  
King hereafter.

*Ban.* Good Sir, why do you start; and seem to fear  
Things that do sound so fair?—I' th' name of truth,  
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.  
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction  
Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say, which grain will grow, and which will not.  
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear,  
Your favours, nor your hate.

*First Witch.* Hail!

*Second Witch.* Hail!

*Third Witch.* Hail!

*First Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

*Second Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.

*Third Witch.* Thou shalt get Kings, tho' thou be  
none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!

*First Witch.* Banquo, and Macbeth, all hail!

*Macb.* Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:  
By Sinel's death, I know, I'm Thane of Glamis;  
But how, of Cawdor? the Thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman: and, to be King,

Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
 No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
 You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
 Upon this blasted heath you stop our way,  
 With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

*Ban.* The earth hath bubbles, as the water has;  
 And these are of them!—Whither are they vanish'd?

*Macb.* Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted  
 As breath, into the wind. Would they had staid!

*Ban.* Were such things here, as we do speak about?  
 Or have we eaten of the insane root<sup>m</sup>,  
 That takes the reason prisoner?

*Macb.* Your children shall be Kings.

*Ban.* You shall be King.

*Macb.* And Thane of Cawdor too: went it not so?

*Ban.* To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

*Enter Rosse and Angus.*

*Rosse.* The King hath happily receiv'd, Macbeth,  
 The news of thy success: and when he reads  
 Thy personal venture in the rebel's fight,  
 His wonders and his praises do contend,  
 Which should be thine, or his. Silenc'd with that,  
 In viewing o'er the rest o' th' self-same day,  
 He finds thee in the stout Norwegian ranks,  
 Nothing afeard of what thyself didst make,

---

<sup>m</sup> It is probable that the common Henbane (*Hyoscyamus niger*) is here meant. Lightfoot, in his *Flora Scotica*, informs us that every part of the Henbane is of a narcotic quality, often producing delirium and insanity.

Strange images of death. As quick as tale<sup>n</sup>,  
 Post follow'd post; and every one did bear  
 Thy praises in his kingdom's great defence;  
 And pour'd them down before him.

*Ang.* We are sent,  
 To give thee, from our royal master, thanks;  
 Only to herald thee into his sight,  
 Not pay thee.

*Rosse.* And, for an earnest of a greater honour,  
 He bade me, from him, call thee Thane of Cawdor:  
 In which addition, hail, most worthy Thane!  
 For it is thine.

*Ban.* What! can the devil speak true?

*Macb.* The Thane of Cawdor lives: Why do you  
 dress me  
 In borrow'd robes?

<sup>n</sup> — As thick as tale,

*Came post with post.*

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

The second folio has —

— As thick as tale,

*Can post with post.*

The present Commentators have continued these lines, with the alteration of “came” for “can;” but this only gives another turn to the figurative expression, without making the sense clearer. “Tale” means “Counters,” used formerly in summing up money. Shakspeare very justly compares his posts to the rapid manner that counters are shifted by the fingers. For this reading, I am obliged to the mistress of a post-house, who happened to be present when my company acted this play.

H. R.

*Ang.* Who was the Thane, lives yet;  
 But under heavy judgment bears that life  
 Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was  
 Combin'd with Norway; or did line the rebel  
 With hidden help and 'vantage; or that with both  
 He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not;  
 But treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,  
 Have overthrown him.

*Macb.* Glamis, and Thane of Cawdor! [Aside.  
 The greatest is behind.—Thanks for your pains.  
 Do you not hope, your children shall be Kings,—

[To Banquo.

When those that gave the Thane of Cawdor to me,  
 Promis'd no less to them?

*Ban.* That, trusted home,  
 Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,  
 Besides the Thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange  
 And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,  
 The instruments of darkness tell us truths,  
 Win us with honest trifles, to betray us  
 In deepest consequence.  
 Cousins, a word, I pray you.

*Macb.* Two truths are told,  
 As happy prologues to the swelling act  
 Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.  
 This supernatural soliciting  
 Cannot be ill; cannot be good. If ill,  
 Why hath it given me earnest of success,  
 Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor.  
 If good, why do I yield to that suggestion

Whose horrid image doth uplift<sup>o</sup> my hair,  
 And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,  
 Against the use of nature? Present acts<sup>p</sup>,  
 Are less than horrible imaginings:  
 My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
 Shakes so my single state of man, that function  
 Is smother'd in surmise; and nothing is,  
 But what is not.

*Ban.* Look how our partner's rapt!

*Macb.* If chance will have me King, why, chance  
 may crown me,

Without my stir.

*Ban.* New honours come upon him  
 Like our strange garments, cleave not to their mould  
 But with the aid of use.

*Macb.* Come what come may,  
 Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.

*Ban.* Worthy Macbeth, we stay upon your leisure.

*Macb.* Give me your favour:—My dull brain was  
 wrought

With things forgotten. Kind gentlemen, your pains  
 Are register'd where every day I turn  
 The leaf to read them.—Let us toward the King.

• Whose horrid image doth *unfix* my hair.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

The hair may be *uplifted*, but no horrid image can *unfix* it. H. R.

— Present fears, are less than horrible imaginings.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

I read “acts” for “fears” conceiving that “present fears,” and  
 “horrible imaginings,” are nearly the same thing. H. R.

Think upon what hath chanc'd; and, at more time, [To Banquo.

The interim having weigh'd it, let us speak Our free hearts each to other.

*Ban.* Very gladly.

*Macb.* 'Till then, enough.—Come, friends.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE IV. THE PALACE.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN, LENOX, and Attendants.

*King.* Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not Those in commission yet return'd?

*Mal.* My liege,

They are not yet come back. But I have spoke. With one that saw him die: who did report, That very frankly he confess'd his treasons; Implor'd your highness' pardon; and set forth A deep repentance: Nothing in his life Became him like the leaving it: He died, As one, that had been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he had<sup>a</sup>, As 'twere a careless trifle.

*King.* There's no art,

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<sup>a</sup> To throw away the dearest thing he *ow'd*.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

In this place Shakspeare has an allusion to the death of Socrates and Seneca, who with great propriety, may be considered as men "studied in their death."

H. R.

To find the mind's construction in the face:  
 He was a gentleman on whom I built  
 An absolute trust.

*Enter MACBETH, BANQUO, ROSSE, and ANGUS.*

O worthiest cousin!  
 The sin of my ingratitude even now  
 Is <sup>1</sup> heavy on me. Thou art so far before,  
 That swiftest wing of recompense is slow,  
 To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserv'd,  
 That the proportion both of thanks and payment  
 Might have been mine! Only I have left to say,  
 More is thy due, nay <sup>2</sup>, more than all can pay.

*Macb.* The service and the loyalty I owe,  
 In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
 Is to receive our duties: and our duties  
 Are to your throne and state, children and servants;  
 Which do but what they should, by doing every thing  
 Safe toward your love and honour.

*King.* Welcome hither:  
 I have begun to plant thee, and will labour  
 To make thee full of growing.—Noble Banquo,  
 That hast no less deserv'd, and must be known  
 No less to have done so, let me enfold thee,  
 And hold thee to my heart.

*Ban.* There if I grow,  
 The harvest is your own.

<sup>1</sup> The sin of my ingratitude even now  
*Was* heavy on me. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

<sup>2</sup> More is thy due, *than* more than all can pay.  
*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

*King.* My plenteous joys,  
 Wanton in fulness, seek to hide themselves  
 In drops of sorrow.—Sons, Kinsmen, Thanes,  
 And you whose places are the nearest, know,  
 We will establish our estate upon  
 Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter  
 The prince of Cumberland: which honour must  
 Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
 But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
 On all deservers. From hence to Inverness,  
 And bind us further to you.

*Macb.* The rest is labour, which is not us'd for  
 you:

I'll be myself the harbinger, and make joyful  
 The hearing of my wife with your approach;  
 So, humbly take my leave.

*King.* My worthy Cawdor!

*Macb.* The prince of Cumberland!—That is a step,  
 On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.  
 For in my way it lies. Stars hide your fires!  
 Let not light see my black and deep desires!  
 The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be,  
 Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see. [Exit.

*King.* True, worthy Banquo; he is full so valiant;  
 And in his commendations I am fed;  
 It is a banquet to me. Let us after him,  
 Whose care is gone before to bid us welcome;  
 He <sup>t</sup> is a peerless kinsman. [Flourish. *Exeunt.*

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<sup>t</sup> It is a peerless kinsman.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

SCENE V. A Room in MACBETH's CASTLE.

Enter Lady MACBETH reading a Letter.

Lady M. They met me in the day of success; and I have learn'd by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge. When I burnt in desire to question them further, they made themselves air, into which they vanish'd. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, came missives from the King, who all-hail'd me, Thane of Cawdor; by which title, before, these weird sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of time, with, Hail, King that shalt be! This have I thought good to deliver thee, my dearest partner of greatness; that thou might'st not lose the dues of rejoicing, by being ignorant of what greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to thy heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor;—and shalt be  
 What thou art promis'd—Yet do I fear thy nature;  
 It is too full of the milk of human kindness,  
 To catch the nearest way. Thou would'st be great;  
 Art not without ambition; but without  
 The illness should attend it. What thou would'st  
 highly,  
 That would'st thou holily; would'st not play false,  
 And yet would'st wrongly win; Thou'dst have,  
 great Glamis,  
 That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have me*<sup>u</sup>;

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<sup>u</sup> That which cries, *Thus thou must do if thou have it,*  
*And that which rather thou dost fear to do,*  
*Than wishest should be undone.* ————— Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

*And that's what rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear;  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which fate and supernatural aid doth seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.—*

*Enter an Attendant.*

What is your tidings?

*Att.* The King comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* Thou'rt mad to say it:  
Is not thy master with him? who, wer't so,  
Would have inform'd for preparation.

*Att.* So please you, it is true: our Thane is coming;  
One of my fellows had the speed of him;  
Who, almost dead for breath, had scarcely more  
Than would make up his message.

*Lady M.* Give him tending,  
He brings great news. The raven himself is hoarse

*[Exit Attendant.]*

That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan  
Under my battlements. Come, you spirits  
That tend on deadly thoughts<sup>v</sup>, unsex me here;  
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty! make thick my blood;  
Stop up the access and passage to remorse;

*v* ————— Come you Spirits,

That tend on *mortal* thoughts. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

By the word “*mortal*” Shakspeare means “*deadly*”. The alteration removes all ambiguity. *H. R.*

That no compunctions visitings of nature  
 Shake my fell purpose, nor keep peace between  
 The effect and it! Come to my woman's breasts,  
 And take my milk for gall, you murd'ring ministers<sup>w</sup>,  
 Wherever in your sightless substances  
 You wait on Nature's mischief!—Come, thick  
 Night,

And pall thee in the dunkest smoke of hell!  
 That my keen knife see not the wound it makes!  
 Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,  
 To cry, *Hold, hold!*

*Enter MACBETH.*

Great Glamis! worthy Cawdor!  
 Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!  
 Thy letters have transported me beyond  
 This ignorant present, and I feel now  
 The future in the instant.

*Macb.* My dearest love,  
 Duncan comes here to-night.

*Lady M.* And when goes hence?

*Macb.* To-morrow, as he purposes.

*Lady M.* O, never  
 Shall sun that morrow see!—

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<sup>w</sup> Lady Macbeth having obtained her wish to be filled from “the crown to the toe with direst cruelty,” very emphatically offers her polluted milk to the murdering ministers, when, “in their sightless substances, they are employed in Nature's mischief.” Much has been written to show the enormous wickedness of this speech; but my Devil, who is a kind of short-hand critic, has summed it up in one word—CHARMING.      H. R.

Your face, my Thane, is as a book, where men  
 May read strange matters. To beguile the time,  
 Look like the time ; bear welcome in your eye,  
 Your hand, your tongue ; look like the innocent  
 flower,

But be the serpent under it. He that's coming  
 Must be provided for : and you shall put  
 This night's great business into my dispatch :  
 Which shall to all our nights and days to come  
 Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

*Macb.* We will speak further.

*Lady M.* Only look up clear ;  
 To alter favour ever is to fear :  
 Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE VI. BEFORE MACBETH'S CASTLE-GATE.*

*Flourish.* Enter KING, MALCOLM, DONALBAIN,  
 BANQUO, LENOX, MACDUFF, ROSSE, ANGUS,  
 and Attendants.

*King.* This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air  
 Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
 Unto our gentle senses.

*Ban.* This guest of Summer,  
 The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
 By his lov'd mansionry, that heaven's breath  
 Smells wooingly here : No jutty, frieze,  
 Buttress, nor coigne of 'vantage, but this bird  
 Hath made his pendant bed, and procreant cradle :  
 Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd,  
 The air is delicate.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*King.* See, see ! our honour'd hostess !  
The love that follows us, sometime is our trouble,  
Which still we thank as love. Herein I teach you,  
How you shall bid God yield us for your pains,  
And thank us for your trouble.

*Lady M.* All our service,  
In every point twice done, and then done double,  
Were poor and single business, to contend  
Against those honours deep and broad, wherewith  
Your Majesty loads our house. For those of old,  
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,  
We rest your hermits.

*King.* Where's the Thane of Cawdor ?  
We cours'd him at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor : but he rides well ;  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp him  
To his home before us. Fair and noble hostess,  
We are your guest to-night.

*Lady M.* Your servants ever  
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs, in compt,  
To make their audit at your highness' pleasure,  
Still to return your own.

*King.* Give me your hand :  
Conduct me to mine host ; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces towards him.  
By your leave, hostess. [Exeunt.

## SCENE VII. AN APARTMENT IN THE CASTLE.

*Hautboys and Torches. Enter and pass over the Stage, a Sewer, and divers Servants with Dishes and Service.*

*Then enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well

It were done quickly<sup>x</sup>: If the assasination  
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch  
With its success, surcease<sup>y</sup>; that but this blow  
Might be the Be-all, and the End-all here;  
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,  
We'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,

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<sup>x</sup> At first sight, the meaning of this soliloquy is rather obscure; but Dr. Johnson has cleared it up in a most masterly manner: “If that which I am about to do, when it is once *done* and *executed*, were *done* and *ended* without any following effects, it would then be best to *do it quickly*: if the murder could terminate in itself, and restrain the regular course of consequences, if *its success* could secure *its surcease*, if being once *done successfully*, without detection, it could *fix a period* to all vengeance and inquiry, so that *this blow* might be all that I have to do, and this anxiety all that I have to suffer; if this could be my condition, even *here in this world*, in this contracted period of temporal existence, on this narrow *bank* in the ocean of eternity, *I would jump the life to come*, I would venture upon the deed without care of any future state. But this is one of *those cases* in which judgment is pronounced and vengeance inflicted upon us *here* in our present life. We teach others to do as we have done, and are punished by our own example.”

H. R.

<sup>y</sup> ————— And catch,

With his *surcease, success.*

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

We still have judgment here ; that we but teach  
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return  
To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice  
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice  
To our own lips. He's here in double trust :  
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,  
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,  
Who should against his murderer shut the door,  
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan  
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been  
So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against  
The deep damnation of his taking off :  
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other side <sup>2</sup>.

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<sup>2</sup> ————— I have no spur  
To prick the sides of my intent, but only  
Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,  
And falls on the other — *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

My wooden-headed gentleman who represents Macbeth, is of opinion that the omission of the word “ side ” in the second folio, is not an intentional omission of the author, but an error of the press. He therefore does not agree with those commentators, who think that it is better for the audience to supply the word, than for the actor to express it.

H. R.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

How now! what news?

*Lady M.* He has almost supp'd; why have you left the chamber?

*Macb.* Hath he ask'd for me?

*Lady M.* Know ye not, he has?

*Macb.* We will proceed no further in this business: He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought Golden opinions from all sorts of people, Which should be worn now in their newest gloss; Not cast aside so soon.

*Lady M.* Was the hope drunk, Wherein you drest yourself? hath it slept since? And wakes it now, to look so green and pale At what it did so freely? from this time, Such I account thy love. Art thou afraid To be the same in thine own act and valour, As thou art in desire? Would'st thou have that Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life, And live a coward in thine own esteem; Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*, Like the poor cat i' th' adage<sup>a</sup>?

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, peace: I dare do all that may become a man; Who dares do more is none.

*Lady M.* What beast was it then, That made you break this enterprize to me? When you durst do it, then you were a man; And, to be more than what you were, you would

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<sup>a</sup> The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her feet.

Be so much more the man. Nor time, nor place,  
 Did then adhere, and yet you would make both:  
 They have made themselves, and that their fitness now  
 Does unmake you. I have given suck; and know  
 How tender 'tis, to love the babe that milks me:  
 I would, while it was smiling in my face,  
 Have pluck'd my nipple from his boneless gums,  
 And dash'd the brains out,—had I so sworn  
 As you have done to this.

*Macb.* If we should fail,—

*Lady M.* We fail!

But screw your courage to the sticking-place<sup>b</sup>,  
 And we'll not fail. When Duncan is asleep,  
 Whereto the rather shall his day's hard journey  
 Soundly invite him, his two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassel so confound<sup>c</sup>,  
 That memory, the warder of the brain,

<sup>b</sup> When the strings of a violin are made sufficiently tense, the peg is permitted to remain in its “sticking place.” This is an obvious and simple metaphor. It is absurd to suppose that it has a reference to a large complicated machine, as some Commentators have conceived.

H. R.

<sup>c</sup> ————— His two chamberlains  
 Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

In the days of Shakspeare the word “convince” had a different signification from what it has at present. My wooden figure who performs Shakspeare’s principal characters, and whose head is made of a piece of the famous mulberry-tree, observes, that the known property of strong drink is to “confound,” and not to “convince,” the understanding.

H. R.

Shall be a fume, and the receipt of reason  
 A limbeck only: when in swinish sleep  
 Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
 What cannot you and I perform upon  
 The unguarded Duncan? what not put upon  
 His spungy officers, who shall bear the guilt  
 Of our great quell?

*Macb.* Bring forth men-children only!  
 For thy undaunted mettle should compose  
 Nothing but males. Will it not be receiv'd,  
 When we have mark'd with blood those sleepy two  
 Of his own chamber, and us'd their very daggers,  
 That they have don't?

*Lady M.* Who dares receive it other,  
 As we shall make our griefs and clamour roar  
 Upon his death?

*Macb.* I am settled, and bend up  
 Each corporal agent to this terrible feat.  
 Away, and mock the time with fairest show:  
 False face must hide what the false heart doth  
 know.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I. A COURT WITHIN THE CASTLE.

*Enter BANQUO and FLEANCE, and a Servant with a Torch.*

*Banquo.* How goes the night, boy?

*Flea.* The moon is down; I have not heard the clock.

*Ban.* And she goes down at twelve.

*Flea.* I take't 'tis later, Sir.

*Ban.* Hold, take my sword:—There's husbandry  
in heav'n,  
Their candles are all out.—Take thee that too.  
A heavy summons lies like lead upon me,  
And yet I would not sleep: Merciful powers!  
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature  
Gives way to in repose<sup>c</sup>!—Give me my sword;—

*Enter MACBETH, and a Servant with a Torch.*  
Who's there?

*Macb.* A friend.

*Ban.* What, Sir, not yet at rest? the King's a-bed:  
He hath been in unusual pleasure, and  
Sent forth great largess to your officers:  
This diamond he greets your wife withal,  
By the name of most kind hostess; and shut up  
In measureless content.

*Macb.* Being unprepar'd,  
Our will became the servant to defect;  
Which else would free have wrought.

*Ban.* All's well.

I dream't last night of the three weird sisters:  
To you they have shew'd some truth.

*Macb.* I think not of them:  
Yet, when we can intreat an hour to serve,  
We would spend it in some words upon that business,  
If you would grant the time.

*Ban.* At your kindest leisure.

---

<sup>c</sup> A passage in Isodorus well explains the situation of Banquo's mind. "Plerumque dæmones in noctibus occurrentes humanos sensus per visiones conturbant, et formidolosos et timidos faciunt."

*Macb.* If you shall cleave to my consent, when 'tis,  
It shall make honour for you.

*Ban.* So I lose none,  
In seeking to augment it, but still keep  
My bosom franchis'd, and allegiance clear,  
I shall be counsel'd.

*Macb.* Good repose, the while!

*Ban.* Thanks, Sir, the like to you!

[*Exeunt Banquo and Fleance.*

*Macb.* Go, bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,  
She striketh upon the bell. Get thee to bed. [Exit *Ser.*  
Is this a dagger, which I see before me; [thee:—  
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch  
I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.

Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible  
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but  
A dagger of the mind; a false creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?  
I see thee yet, in form as palpable  
As this which now I draw.  
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;  
And such an instrument I was to use.  
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,  
Or else worth all the rest! I see thee still;  
And on thy blade, and dudgeon, gouts of blood,  
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing;  
It is the bloody business, which informs  
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er the one half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleeper<sup>d</sup>; now witchcraft celebrates

— And wicked dreams abuse  
The curtain'd sleep.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Pale Hecate's offerings, and wither'd Murder,  
 Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,  
 With Tarquin's ravishing strides, towards his design  
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 The very stones prate of my where-about,  
 And take the present horror from the time,  
 Which now suits with it.—While I threat, he lives.  
 Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives,

[*A Bell rings.*

I go, and it is done ; the bell invites me.  
 Hear it not Duncan ; for it is a knell  
 That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [Exit.

SCENE II.

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* That which hath made them drunk, hath  
 made me bold ;  
 What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire :—  
 Hark !—Peace !  
 It was the owl that shriek'd ; the fatal bell-man,  
 Which gives the sternest good-night. He is about it :  
 The doors are open ; and the surfeited grooms  
 Do mock their charge with snores : I have drugg'd  
 their possets,  
 That death and nature do contend about them,  
 Whether they live, or die.

*Macb.* [Within.] Who's there ?—what, ho !

*Lady M.* Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
 And 'tis not done :—the attempt, and not the deed,

Confounds us:—Hark!—I laid their daggers ready,  
He could not miss them.—Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done’t.—My husband?

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* I have done the deed:—Didst thou not  
hear a noise?

*Lady M.* I heard the owl scream, and the cricket  
cry.

Did not you speak?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady M.* Now.

*Macb.* As I descended?

*Lady M.* Ay.

*Macb.* Hark!—Who lies i’ the second chamber?

*Lady M.* Donalbain.

*Macb.* This is a sorry sight. [Looking on his hands.

*Lady M.* A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.

*Macb.* There’s one did laugh in his sleep, and one  
cry’d, *murder!*

That they did wake each other; I stood and heard  
them:

But they did say their prayers, and address’d them  
Again to sleep.

*Lady M.* There are two lodg’d together.

*Macb.* One cry’d, *God bless us!* and, *Amen*, the  
other;

As they had seen me, with these hangman’s hands,  
Listening their fear. I could not say, amen,  
When they did say, *God bless us.*

*Lady M.* Consider it not so deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce, amen?  
I had most need of blessing, and amen  
Stuck in my throat.

*Lady M.* These deeds must not be thought  
After these ways; so, it will make us mad.

*Macb.* Methought, I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*

*Macbeth* doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep;  
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care,  
The death of each day's life, sore Labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast;—

*Lady M.* What do you mean?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, *Sleep no more!* to all the house:  
*Glamis* hath murder'd sleep; and therefore *Cawdor*  
Shall sleep no more; *Macbeth* shall sleep no more!

*Lady M.* Who was it that thus cry'd? Why,  
worthy Thane,  
You do unbend your noble strength, to think  
So brain-sickly of things:—Go, get some water,  
And wash this filthy witness from your hands.  
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?  
They must lie there: Go, carry them, and smear  
The sleepy grooms with blood.

*Macb.* I'll go no more:  
I am afraid to think what I have done;  
Look on't again, I dare not.

*Lady M.* Infirm of purpose!  
Give me the daggers: the sleeping, and the dead,  
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,  
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,

I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,  
For it must seem their guilt. [Exit. Knocking within.]

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?  
What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine  
eyes!

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from my hands? No; this hand<sup>e</sup> will rather  
The multitudinous sea incarnardine,  
Making the green one,—red.

*Re-enter Lady Macbeth.*

*Lady M.* My hands are of your colour; but I  
shame  
To wear a heart so white. [Knocking.] I hear a  
knocking  
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:  
A little water clears us of this deed:  
How easy is it then? Your constancy  
Hath left you unattended.—[Knocking.] Hark more  
knocking:  
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,  
And shew us to be watchers:—Be not lost  
So poorly in your thoughts.  
*Macb.* To know my deed,—'twere best not know  
myself.

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• There is something very beautiful in Macbeth's sudden transition from both hands, to the right hand that had done the bloody deed.

Wake, Duncan, with this knocking! I would, thou could'st<sup>f</sup>!

## SCENE II.

Enter a Porter.

[Knocking within] Port. Here's a knocking indeed! If a man were porter of hell-gate, he could not have more<sup>g</sup> turning the key. [Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there i' the name of Belzebub? Here's a farmer that hang'd himself on th' expectation of plenty: come in time; have napkins enough about you; here you'll sweat for't.— [Knocking.] Knock, knock: Who's there, i' th' other devil's name? 'Faith, here's an equivocator, that could swear in both the scales against either scale; who committed treason enough for God's sake, yet could not equivocate to heaven: oh, come

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<sup>f</sup> Wake Duncan with *thy* knocking! I would thou could'st.  
Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Macbeth hath just before said,

“To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.”

A mind under the influence of so much contrition, would surely call upon Duncan to wake by the noise, rather than address the person who was knocking. According to my conception, such a call would be nature itself; and, I believe, would spontaneously proceed from the heart of every man so circumstanced as Macbeth then was. In this manner I wish the genius of Shakespeare to be tried, and not by the evidence of incorrect old quartos and folios, ill printed, and worse revised. H. R.

<sup>g</sup> If a man were porter of hell-gate, he should have *old* turning the key.  
Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

in, equivocator.—[Knocking.] Knock, knock, knock: Who's there? 'Faith, here's an English tailor come hither, for stealing out of a French hose: come in, tailor, here you may roast your goose.—[Knocking.] Knock, knock: Never at quiet! What are you? But this place is too cold for hell. I'll devil-porter it no further: I had thought to have let in some of all professions, that go the primrose-way to the everlasting bonfire.—[Knocking.] Anon, anon; I pray you, remember the porter.

*Enter MACDUFF and LENOX.*

*Macd.* Was it so late, friend, ere you went to bed, that you do lie so late?

*Port.* 'Faith, Sir, we were carousing till the second cock: and drink, Sir, is a great provoker of sleep<sup>b</sup>.

*Macd.* Is thy master stirring?—  
Our knocking has awak'd him, here he comes.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Len.* Good morrow, noble Sir!

*Macb.* Good-morrow, both!

*Macd.* Is the King stirring, worthy Thane?

*Macb.* Not yet.

---

<sup>b</sup> I cannot set up the morality of a puppet-show-man against the piety of Dr. Johnson, but I will venture to say, that by shortening the conversation between the Porter and Macduff, I have done the memory of Shakspeare no material injury. Too many meretricious weeds grow upon the banks of the Avon.

*Macd.* He did command me to call timely on him;  
I have almost slipt the hour.

*Macb.* I'll bring you to him.

*Macd.* I know this is a joyful trouble to you;  
But yet, 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour we delight in, physicks pain.  
This is the door.

*Macd.* I'll make so bold to call,  
For 'tis my limited service. *Exit Macduff.*

*Len.* Goes the King hence to-day?

*Macb.* He does: he did appoint so.

*Len.* The night has been unruly: where we lay,  
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,  
Lamentings heard i' th' air; strange screams of death;  
And prophesying, with accents terrible,  
Of dire combustion, and confus'd events,  
New hatch'd to the woeful time: the obscure bird  
Clamour'd the live-long night: some say, the earth  
Was feverous and did shake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a rough night.

*Len.* My young remembrance cannot parallel  
A fellow to it.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* O horror! horror! horror! tongue, nor heart,  
Cannot conceive, nor name thee!

*Macb. and Len.* What's the matter?

*Macd.* Confusion now hath made his master-piece!  
Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord's anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o' the building.

*Macb.* What is't you say? the life?

*Len.* Mean you his Majesty!

*Macd.* Approach the chamber, and destroy your sight

With a new Gorgon:—Do not bid me speak;  
See, and then speak yourselves.—Awake! awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Ring the alarum bell:—Murder! and treason!

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!

Shake off this downy sleep, death's counterfeit,

And look on death itself!—up, up, and see

The great doom's image! Malcolm! Banquo!

As from your graves rise up, and walk like sprights,  
To countenance this horror! [Bell rings.]

*Enter Lady MACBETH.*

*Lady M.* What's the business,  
That such a hideous trumpet calls to parley  
The sleepers of the house? Speak, speak.—

*Macd.* O, gentle Lady,  
'Tis not for you to hear what I can speak:  
The repetition in a woman's ear,  
Would murder as it fell.—O Banquo! Banquo!

*Enter BANQUO.*

Our royal master's murder'd!

*Lady M.* Woe, alas!  
What, in our house?

*Ban.* Too cruel any where.—  
Dear Duff, I pr'ythee contradict thyself,  
And say, it is not so.

*Re-enter MACBETH and LENOX.*

*Macb.* Had I but dy'd an hour before this chance,  
I had liv'd a blessed time; for, from this instant,  
There's nothing serious in mortality;  
All is but toys; renown, and grace, is dead;  
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees  
Is left this vault to brag of.

*Enter MALCOLM and DONALBAIN.*

*Don.* What is amiss?

*Macb.* You are, and do not know it:  
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood  
Is stopt; the very source of it is stopt.

*Mad.* Your royal father's murder'd.

*Mal.* Oh, by whom?

*Len.* Those of his chamber, as it seems, have  
done't<sup>1</sup>:

Their hands and faces were all badg'd with blood,  
So were their daggers, which, unwip'd, we found  
Upon their pillows: they star'd, and were distracted;  
No man's life was to be trusted with them.

*Macb.* O yet, I do repent me of my fury,  
That I did kill them.

*Macd.* Wherfore did you so?

*Macb.* Who can be wise, amaz'd, temperate, and  
furious,

Loyal and neutral in a moment? No man:  
The expedition of my violent love  
Out-ran the pauser, Reason.—Here lay Duncan,

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<sup>1</sup> Those of his chamber, as it seem'd, had done't:

His snow-white skin streaked with his crimson  
blood<sup>k</sup> ;  
And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,

---

<sup>k</sup> His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood ;

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

All the commentators, as far as I know, have retained this line ; but the other day, my wooden Macbeth declared, in the green-room, that it was nonsense. Being old enough to know the folly of disputing with a blockhead, I only desired him to favour me with a better. He accordingly repeated,

His snow-white skin streaked with his crimson blood.

This, though not an extraordinary good line, has something like sense to recommend it. As the rejected line appears in all the old copies, it certainly was written by Shakspeare, so I shall follow the custom of commentators, and give my conjecture concerning it.

The river Avon is remarkable for its silver eels and golden tench ; and as Shakspeare drew all his images from nature, we may reasonably suppose, that these two natural objects made a strong impression upon his fancy, and might be the fountain from which he drew

His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.

Dr. Faustus, who is one of my best-dressed dramatic characters, and whom I consult upon all learned occasions, expresses great surprise that Dr. Johnson should have permitted this line to stand in his edition of Macbeth ; and the more so, as he could not but apply to it a certain line in Horace ;

“ Insigne, recens, adhuc indicatum ore alio.”

From this specimen of my learned puppet's erudition, the reader may be desirous of knowing something concerning him. He was educated at one of our universities, where he drank much and read little ; and after a residence of four years, he quitted his college, with nearly as much learning as he brought into it.

For Ruin's wasteful entrance: there the murderers,  
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
 Unmannerly breach'd with gore: who could refrain,  
 That had a heart to love, and in that heart  
 Courage, to make his love known?

*Lady M.* Help me hence, oh!

*Macd.* Look to the Lady.

*Mal.* Why do we hold our tongues,  
 That most may claim this argument for ours?

*Don.* What should be spoken here,  
 Where our fate, hid within an augre-hole,  
 May rush, and seize us? Let's away, our tears  
 Are not yet brew'd.

*Mal.* Nor our strong sorrow  
 Upon the foot of motion.

*Ban.* Look to the Lady:—

[*Lady Macbeth is carried out.*]

And when we have our half-clothed bodies hid<sup>1</sup>,  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet,  
 And question this most bloody piece of work,  
 To know it further. Fears and scruples shake us.  
 In the great hand of God I stand; and, thence,  
 Against the undivulg'd pretence I fight  
 Of treasonous malice.

*Macb.* And so do I.

<sup>1</sup> And when we have our *naked frailties* hid,  
 That suffer in exposure, let us meet.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

Perhaps my dislike to the words “naked frailties,” may proceed from the circumstance of my comedians constantly sleeping with all their cloaths on!

H. R.

*All.* So all.

*Macb.* Let's briefly put on manly readiness,  
And meet i' the hall together.

*All.* Well contented. [*Exeunt all but Mal. and Don.*

*Mal.* What will you do? Let's not consort with them;  
To show an unfelt sorrow is an office  
Which the false man does easy: I'll to England.

*Don.* To Ireland, I; our separated fortune  
Shall keep us both the safer. where we are,  
There's daggers in men's smiles: the near in blood,  
The nearer bloody.

*Mal.* This murderous shaft that's shot,  
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest way  
Is, to avoid the aim. Therefore, to horse;  
And let us not be dainty of leave-taking,  
But shift away: there's warrant in that theft  
Which steals itself, when there's no mercy left.

[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE IV.*

*Enter Rosse, with an old Man.*

*Old M.* Threescore and ten I can remember well;  
Within the volume of which time, I have seen  
Hours dreadful, and things strange: but this sore  
night

Hath trifled former knowings.

*Rosse.* Ah, good father,  
Thou seest, the heavens, as troubled with man's act,  
Threaten his bloody stage: by the clock, 'tis day,  
And yet dark night strangles the travelling lamp:  
Is it night's predominance, or the day's shame,

That darkness does the face of earth intomb,  
When living light should kiss it?

*Old M.* 'Tis unnatural,  
Even like the deed that's done. On Tuesday last,  
A faulcon, tow'ring in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at, and kill'd <sup>m</sup>.

*Rosse.* And Duncan's horses, (a thing most strange,  
and certain)

Beauteous and swift, the minions of their race,  
Turn'd wild in nature, broke their stalls, flung out,  
Contending 'gainst obedience, as they would  
Make war with mankind.

*Old M.* 'Tis said they ate each other.

*Rosse.* They did so; to the amazement of mine  
eyes,

That look'd upon't. Here comes the good Macduff:

*Enter MACDUFF.*

How goes the world, Sir, now?

*Macd.* Why, see you not?

*Rosse.* Is't known who did this more than bloody  
deed?

*Macd.* Those that Macbeth hath slain.

*Rosse.* Alas, the day!

What good could they intend?

---

<sup>m</sup> As these were preternatural appearances, we may admit an owl to be so elevated as to hawk at a faulcon "tow'ring in her pride of place." In this situation the owl could not be "mousing," as ingeniously suggested by some Commentators. "Mousing" is here only an epithet, and not an action. H. R.

*Macd.* They were suborn'd :  
 Malcolm and Donalbain, the King's two sons,  
 Are stol'n away and fled : which puts upon them  
 Suspicion of the deed.

*Rosse.* 'Gainst nature still :  
 Thirstless ambition, that wilt ravin up  
 Thine own life's means !—Then 'tis most like,  
 The sovereignty will fall upon Macbeth.

*Macd.* He is already nam'd ; and gone to Scone,  
 To be invested.

*Rosse.* Where is Duncan's body ?

*Macd.* Carried to Colmes-kill ;  
 The sacred storehouse of his predecessors,  
 And guardian of their bones.

*Rosse.* Will you to Scone ?

*Macd.* No, cousin, I'll to Fife.

*Rosse.* Well, I will thither.

*Macd.* Well, may you see things well done there ;  
 adieu !—

Lest our old robes sit easier than our new !

*Rosse.* Farewel, father.

*Old M.* God's benison go with you ; and with those  
 That would make good of bad, and friends of foes !

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

*SCENE I. FORES. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.*

*Enter BANquo.*

**T**HOU hast it now ; King, Cawdor, Glamis, all,  
 As the weird women promis'd ; and, I fear,  
 Thou play'dst most foully for't : yet it was said,

It should not stand in thy posterity ;  
 But that myself should be the root, and father  
 Of many kings ; if there come truth from them,  
 (As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches shine)  
 Why, by the verities on thee made good,  
 May they not be my oracles as well,  
 And set me up in hope ?—But hush ; no more.

*Senet sounded. Enter MACBETH as King; Lady MACBETH, as Queen; LENOX, ROSS, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Here's our chief guest.

*Lady M.* If he had been forgotten,  
 It had been as a gap in our great feast,  
 And all things unbecoming.

*Macb.* To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
 And I<sup>n</sup> request your presence.

*Ban.* Lay your highness'  
 Command upon me; to which my duties

<sup>n</sup> To-night we hold a solemn supper, Sir,  
 And I'll request your presence.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

As Macbeth is here speaking of the present, and not of the future time, I do not well know why the learned editors of this play should continue to print "I'll" for "I." Brown in his *Vulgar Errors*, whimsically says, "Many heads that undertake learning, were never squared or timbered for it." To my company this observation cannot apply, as there is not a head belonging to them, but what is exactly squared according to the rules of Lavater; so that they have a decided superiority over those who may be said to "make their own heads." *H. A.*

Are with a most indissoluble tie  
For ever knit.

*Macb.* Ride you this afternoon?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* We should have else desir'd your good advice  
(Which still hath been both grave and prosperous)  
In this day's council; but we'll take to-morrow.  
I'll far you ride?

*Ban.* As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time  
Twixt this and supper: go not my horse the better,  
I must become a borrower of the night,  
For a dark hour or twain.

*Macb.* Fail not our feast.

*Ban.* My Lord, I will not.

*Macb.* We hear our bloody cousins are bestow'd  
In England, and in Ireland; not confessing  
Their cruel parricide, filling their hearers  
With strange invention: but of that to-morrow;  
When, therewithal, we shall have cause of state,  
Craving us jointly, Hie you to horse: Adieu,  
Till you return at night. Goes Fleance with you?

*Ban.* Ay, my good lord, our time does call upon us.

*Macb.* I wish your horses swift and sure of foot;  
And so I do commend you to their backs.

Farewel.—

[*Exit* Banquo.]

Let every man be master of his time  
Till seven at night; to make society  
The sweeter welcome, we will keep ourself  
Till supper-time alone: while then, God be with you.

[*Exeunt Lady Macbeth, Lords, and Ladies.*  
Sirrah, a word with you; attend these men our pleasure?

*Att.* They are, my lord, without the palace-gate,

*Macb.* Bring them before us.— [Exit Attendant.  
To be thus, is nothing ;  
But to be safely thus.—Our fears in Banquo  
Stick deep ; and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that, which should be fear'd : 'tis much he dares ;  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none, but he,  
Whose being I do fear : and, under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,  
And bade them speak to him ; then, prophet-like,  
They hail'd him father to a line of kings :  
Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
No son of mine succeeding. If it be so,  
For Banquo's issue have I fil'd my mind ;  
For them the gracious Duncan have I murder'd ;  
Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
Only for them ; and mine eternal jewel  
Given to the common enemy of man,  
To make them kings, the seed of Banquo kings !  
Rather than so, come, Fate, into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance !—Who's there ?—

*Re-enter Attendant, with two Murderers.*  
Now to the door, and stay there till we call.

[Exit Attendant.

Was it not yesterday we spoke together ?

*First Mur.* It was so, please your highness.

*Macb.* Well then ; now

Have you consider'd of my speeches ? Know,

That it was he, in the times past, which held you  
 So under fortune ; which, you thought had been  
 Our innocent self ; this I made good to you  
 In our last conference, past in probation with you ;  
 How you were borne in hand ; how crost ; the in-  
 struments ;  
 Who wrought with them ; and all things else, that  
 might,  
 To half a soul, and to a notion craz'd  
 Say, Thus did Banquo.

*First Mur.* You made it known to us.

*Macb.* I did so ; and went further, which is now  
 Our point of second meeting. Do you find  
 Your patience so predominant in your nature,  
 That you can let this go ? Are you so gospell'd,  
 To pray for this good man, and for his issue,  
 Whose heavy hand hath bow'd you to the grave,  
 And beggar'd yours for ever ?

*First Mur.* We are men, my liege.

*Macb.* Ay, in the catalogue you go for men ;  
 As hounds, and greyhounds, mongrels, spaniels, curs,  
 Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are cleped  
 All by the name of dogs ; the valued file  
 Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
 The house-keeper, the hunter, every one  
 According to the gift which bounteous nature  
 Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive  
 Particular addition, from the bill  
 That writes them all alike ; and so of men.  
 Now, if you have a station in the file,  
 Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it ;  
 And I will put that business in your bosoms,

Whose execution takes your enemy off;  
 Grapples you to the heart and love of us,  
 Who wear our health but sickly in his life,  
 Which in his death were perfect.

*Second Mur.* I am one, my liege,  
 Whom the vile blows and buffets of the world  
 Have so incens'd, that I am reckless what  
 I do, to spite the world.

*First Mur.* And I another,  
 So weary of disastrous tuggs<sup>o</sup> with fortune,  
 That I would set my life on any chance,  
 To mend it, or be rid on't.

*Macb.* Both of you  
 Know, Banquo was your enemy.

*Second Mur.* True, my lord.

*Macb.* So is he mine: and in such bloody distance,  
 That every minute of his being thrusts  
 Against my near'st of life: and though I could  
 With bare-fac'd power sweep him from my sight,  
 And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
 But wail his fall whom I myself struck down:  
 For certain friends there are, both his and mine,  
 Whose loves I may not drop<sup>p</sup>: and thence it is,

• So weary *with disasters, tugg'd with fortune.*

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

• And bid my will avouch it; yet I must not,  
 For certain friends that are both his and mine,  
 Whose loves I may not drop, but wail his fall  
 Whom I myself struck down: and thence, it is,  
 That I to your assistance do make love.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

In the court of criticism let this alteration be fairly tried.  
 Timber *versus* Flesh and Blood.

*H. R.*

That I to your assistance do make love ;  
 Masking the business from the common eye,  
 For sundry weighty reasons.

*Second Mur.* We shall, my Lord,  
 Perform what you command us.

*First Mur.* Though our lives——

*Macb.* Your spirits shine through you. Within  
 this hour,

I will advise you where to plant yourselves ;  
 Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,  
 The moment on't; for't must be done to-night,  
 And something from the palace; and with him,  
 (To leave no rubs, nor botches, in the work)  
 Fleance his son, that keeps him company,  
 Whose absence is no less material to me  
 Than is his father's, must embrace the fate  
 Of that dark hour; resolve yourselves apart;  
 I'll come to you anon.

*Mur.* We are resolv'd, my lord.

*Macb.* I'll call upon you straight; abide within.  
 It is concluded:—Banquo, thy soul's flight,  
 If it find heaven, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter *Lady Macbeth*, and a *Servant*.

*Lady M.* Is Banquo gone from court?

*Serv.* Ay, Madam, but returns again to night.

*Lady M.* Say to the King I would attend his  
 leisure.

For a few words.

*Serv.* Madam, I will,

[Exit.

*Lady M.* Nought's had, all's spent,  
 Where our desire is got without content:  
 'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
 Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.

*Enter MACBETH.*

How now, my lord? why do you keep alone,  
 Of sorriest fancies your companions making?  
 Using those thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd  
 With them they think on? Things without all remedy  
 Should be without regard: what's done, is done.

*Macb.* We have scorch'd <sup>a</sup> the snake, not kill'd it,

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<sup>a</sup> We have *scotch'd* the snake, not kill'd it,  
 She'll close, and be herself. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

We have *scorch'd* the snake, not kill'd it,  
 She'll close and be herself. *First folio.*

The old editions have “scorch'd,” but almost all the commentators have changed the word into “scotch'd,” upon the supposition that there was a nearer connection between “scotching” and “closing,” than between “scorching” and “closing.” My Prompter, who is a north-country man, says that there is no such word as “scotch'd.” It is “scutch'd,” a word chiefly used by the growers and manufacturers of hemp and flax, and implies beating, bruising, or dividing. The wooden-headed fellow of my company who plays the clown, says, that snakes are soon killed by lashing them with switches, and that by smart strokes their bodies may be divided. This has induced some of the gentlemen of my green-room to adopt,

We have *switch'd* the snake, not kill'd it,  
 She'll close, and be herself.

The stuffed figure of my company who plays the Serpent in “The History of Adam and Eve,” has suggested a reading that is more conformable to natural history.

She'll coil, and be herself; whilst our poor malice  
 Remains in danger of her former tooth.  
 But let the frame of things disjoint, both the worlds  
 suffer,

Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep  
 In the affliction of these terrible dreams,  
 That shake us nightly: better be with the dead,  
 Whom we, to gain our place, have sent to peace,  
 Than on the torture of the mind to lie  
 In restless ecstasy.—Duncan is in his grave;  
 After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;  
 Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,  
 Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,  
 Can touch him further!

*Lady M.* Come on; gentle, my lord,  
 Sleek o'er your rugged looks; be bright and jovial  
 Among your guests to-night.

*Macb.* So shall I, love;  
 And so, I pray, be you: let your remembrance  
 Apply to Banquo; present him eminence, both  
 With eye and tongue: unsafe the while, that we  
 Must lave our honours in these flattering streams;  
 And make our faces vizards to our hearts,  
 Disguising what they are.

---

We have *bruise*'d the snake, not kill'd it,  
 She'll *coil*, and be herself.

My Prompter wishes the original text to be continued, only substituting “*coil*” for “*close*;” and this he calls a good emendation. I have accordingly adopted it.

After all, I do not consider Shakspeare as under any obligation to his *scotching*, *scutching*, *bruising* and *switching* commentators.

*Lady M.* You must leave this.

*Macb.* O, full of scorpions is my mind, dear wife!  
Thou knowest that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

*Lady M.* But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

*Macb.* There's comfort yet, they are assailable;  
Then be thou jocund: ere the bat hath flown  
His cloister'd flight; ere, to black Hecate's sum-  
mons,

The shard-born beetle, with his drowsy hums,  
Hath rung night's yawning peal, there shall be done  
A deed of dreadful note.

*Lady M.* What's to be done?

*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest  
chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed. Come, seeling night,  
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day;  
And, with thy bloody and invisible hand  
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond  
Which keeps me pale!—Light thickens, and the crow<sup>r</sup>

<sup>r</sup> Shakspeare by "crow" means the "rook," as Virgil had done before him, no other species of this genus being gregarious.

E pastu decedens agmine magno  
Corvorum increpuit densis exercitus alis.      Geor. I.

Whoever has seen these birds returning in the evening to their respective rookeries, will be pleased with Shakspear's correct account of their flight. The time of their return is much better marked by "Light thickens," than by Virgil's "E pastu." Little praise is due to some commentators on the word "rooky." A rooky wood, is simply a wood where there are rookeries, and has nothing to do with the "reek of the rotten fens."      H. R.

Makes wing to the rooky wood :  
 Good things of day begin to droop and drowze ;  
 While night's black agents to their preys do rouse.  
 Thou marvell'st at my words : but hold thee still ;  
 Things, bad begun, make strong themselves by ill :  
 So, pr'ythee, go with me, [Exeunt.]

*SCENE III. A PARK OR LAWN, WITH A GATE LEADING TO THE PALACE.*

*Enter three Murderers.*

*First Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us ?  
*Third Mur.* Macbeth.

*Second Mur.* He needs not our mistrust, since  
 he delivers

Our offices, and what we have to do,  
 To the direction just.

*First Mur.* Then stand with us.

The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :  
 Now spurs the lated traveller apace,  
 To gain the timely inn ; and near approaches  
 The subject of our watch.

*Third Mur.* Hark ! I hear horses.

[*Banquo within.*] Give us a light there, ho !

*Second Mur.* Then it is he ; the rest  
 That are within the note of expectation,  
 Already are i' the court.

*First Mur.* His horses go about.

*Third Mur.* Almost a mile : but he does usually,  
 So all men do, from hence to the palace-gate  
 Make it their walk,

*Enter BANQUO, and FLEANCE; a Servant with a Torch preceding them.*

*Second Mur.* A light, a light!

*Third Mur.* 'Tis he.

*First Mur.* Stand to't.

*Ban.* It will be rain to-night.

*First Mur.* Let it come down. [Assaults Banquo.

*Ban.* Oh, treachery! Fly, good Fleance, fly, fly, fly;  
Thou may'st revenge.—Oh slave!

[Dies. Fleance and Servant escape.

*Third Mur.* Who did strike out the light?

*First Mur.* Was't not the way?

*Third Mur.* There is but one down; the son is fled.

*Second Mur.* We have lost best half of our affair.

*First Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much  
is done.

[Exeunt.

*SCENE IV. A Room of State in the Palace.*

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter MACBETH, Lady MACBETH, ROFFE, LENOX, Lords, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* You know your own degrees, sit down:  
To first<sup>s</sup>

And last the hearty welcome.

*Lords.* Thanks to your Majesty.

*Macb.* Ourself will mingle with society,  
And play the humble host.

---

\* ————— at first,  
And last, the hearty welcome.

Our hostess keeps her state ; but, in best time,  
We will require her welcome.

*Lady M.* Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our friends ;  
For my heart speaks, they are welcome.

*Enter First Murderer, to the Door.*

*Macb.* See, they encounter thee with their hearts'—  
thanks :—

Both sides are even : here I'll sit i' the midst :  
Be large in mirth ; anon, we'll drink a measure  
The table round.—There's blood upon thy face.

*Mur.* 'Tis Banquo's then.

*Macb.* 'Tis better thee without, than him<sup>t</sup> within.  
Is he despatch'd ?

*Mur.* My lord, his throat is cut ; that I did for him.

*Macb.* Thou art the best o' the cut-throats : yet  
he's good,

That did the like for Fleance : if thou didst it,  
Thou art the nonpareil.

*Mur.* Most royal Sir,  
Fleance is 'scaped.

*Macb.* Then comes my fit again : I had else been  
perfect ;

---

<sup>t</sup> 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

My wooden Macbeth conceives the meaning of this line to be, "That the blood is better on the murderer's face, than in Banquo's body." Some learned commentators contend that it may mean, "It is better the blood were on the murderer's face, than he (Banquo) in this room." My whole company say, that the reading is obviously on the side of Timber, against Flesh and Blood.

Whole as the marble, founded as the rock ;  
 As broad, and general, as the casing air :  
 But now, I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in  
 To saucy doubts and fears. But Banquo's safe ?

*Mur.* Ay, my good lord : safe in a ditch he bides,  
 With twenty trenched gashes on his head ;  
 The least a death to nature.

*Macb.* Thanks for that :—  
 There the grown serpent lies ; the worm that's fled,  
 Hath nature that in time will venom breed ;  
 No teeth for the present.—Get thee gone ; to-  
 morrow

We'll hear, ourselves again.      [*Exit Murderer.*]

*Lady M.* My royal lord,  
 You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold  
 That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making :  
 Then give the " welcome : To eat were best at  
 home ;

From thence, the sauce to meat is ceremony ;  
 Meeting were bare without it.

*Macb.* Sweet remembrancer !—  
 Now, good digestion wait on appetite,  
 And health on both !

*Len.* May it please your Highness sit ?

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\* You do not give the cheer : the feast is sold,  
 That is not often vouch'd while 'tis a making,  
 'Tis given with welcome ; To feed, were best at home ;

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

*The Ghost of BANQUO rises, and sits in MACBETH's place.*

*Macb.* Here had we now our country's honour  
roof'd,

Were the grac'd person of our Banquo present;  
Who may I rather challenge for unkindness,  
Than pity for mischance!

*Rosse.* His absence, Sir,  
Lays blame upon his promise. Please it your High-  
ness

To grace us with your royal company?

*Macb.* The table's full.

*Len.* Here is a place reserv'd, Sir.

*Macb.* Where?

*Len.* Here, my lord. What is't that moves your  
Highness?

*Macb.* Which of you have done this?

*Lords.* What, my good lord?

*Macb.* Thou can'st not say I did it: never shake  
Thy goary locks at me.

*Rosse.* Gentlemen, rise; his Highness is not well.

*Lady M.* Sit worthy friends:—my lord is often  
thus,

And hath been from his youth: pray you, keep seat;  
The fit is momentary; upon a thought  
He will again be well: if much you note him,  
You shall offend him, and extend his passion;  
Eat<sup>v</sup>, and regard him not.—Are you a man?

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<sup>v</sup> Feed, and regard him not.      Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

My audience often consisting of cow-keepers, grooms, ostlers,  
post-boys, and scullion-wENCHES, I was apprehensive that they

*Macb.* Ay, and a bold one, that dare look on that  
Which might appall the devil.

*Lady M.* O proper stuff!

This is the very painting of your fear:  
This is the air-drawn dagger, which you said,  
Led you to Duncan. Oh, these flaws and starts,  
(Impostors to true fear) would well become  
A woman's story, at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done,  
You look but on a stool.

*Macb.* Pr'ythee, see there! behold! look! lo!  
' how say you?

Why what care I? If thou can'st nod, speak too.—  
If charnel houses, and our graves, must send  
Those that we bury, back, our monuments  
Shall be the maws of kites<sup>w</sup>. [Ghost disappears.]

*Lady M.* What quite unmann'd in folly?

*Macb.* If I stand here I saw him.

*Lady M.* Fie for shame!

would take offence at the word “feed”; so, by the advice of my learned puppet Doctor Faustus, I have changed it into “eat”; the word “feed” belonging, as he says, to the *prona atque ventri obedientia*. But what kind of men and women these *prona atque ventri obedientia* are, I confess I know not. H. R.

w It was a vulgar notion that the food of carnivorous birds passed their stomachs undigested. For this illustration, I am indebted to a book, written many years ago, by Dr. Brown, under the title of “Vulgar Errors.” H. R.

*Macb.* Blood hath been shed ere now, i' th' older time,

Ere human statute purg'd the gentle weal;  
 Ay, and since too, murders have been perform'd  
 Too terrible for the ear: the times have been,  
 That, when the brains were out, the man would die,  
 And there an end: but now, they rise again,  
 With twenty mortal murders on their crowns,  
 And push us from our stools: this is more strange  
 Than such a murder is.

*Lady M.* My worthy Lord,  
 Your noble friends do lack you.

*Macb.* I do forget:—

Do not muse at me, my most worthy friends;  
 I have a strange infirmity, which is nothing  
 To those that know me. Come, love and health  
 to all;

Then I'll sit down:—Give me some wine; fill full;—  
 I drink to the general joy of the whole table,  
 And to our dear friend Banquo, whom we miss;  
 Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
 And all to all.

*Ghost rises.*

*Lords.* Our duties and the pledge.

*Macb.* Avant! and quit my sight! Let the earth  
 hide thee!

Thy bones are marrowless; thy blood is cold;  
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 Which thou dost glare with!

*Lady M.* Think of this, good peers,  
 But as a thing of custom: 'tis no other;

Only it spoils the pleasure of the time.

*Macb.* What man dare, I dare:  
 Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
 The arm'd rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tyger,  
 Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves  
 Shall never tremble: Or, be alive again,  
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;  
 If trembling I exhibit<sup>x</sup>, then protest me  
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow!

[*Ghost disappears.*

Unreal mockery, hence!—Why, so;—being gone,  
 I am a man again.—Pray you sit still.

*Lady M.* You have displac'd the mirth, broke the  
 good meeting,  
 With most admir'd disorder.

*Macb.* Can such things be,  
 And overcome us like a summer's cloud,  
 Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
 Even to the disposition that I owe,  
 When now I think you can behold such sights,  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheeks,  
 When mine is blanch'd with fear.

*Rosse.* What sights my lord?

*Lady M.* I pray you, speak not: he grows worse  
 and worse;

Question enrages him: at once, good night:—  
 Stand not upon the order of your going:  
 But go at once.

<sup>x</sup> If trembling I *inhibit* thee, protest me  
 The baby of a girl.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

*Len.* Good night, and better health  
Attend his majesty !

*Lady M.* A kind good night to all ! [ *Exeunt Lords.* ]

*Macb.* It will have blood ; they say, blood will  
have blood :

Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak ;  
Augurs, and understood relations, have  
By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks, brought forth  
The secret'st man of blood.—What is the night ?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is  
which.

*Macb.* How say'st thou, that Macduff denies his  
person,

At our great bidding ?

*Lady M.* Did you send to him, Sir ?

*Macb.* I hear it by the way ; but I will send :  
There's not a Thane<sup>y</sup> of them but in his house  
I keep a servant fee'd. I will to-morrow,  
(And betimes I will) unto the weird sisters :  
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er :  
Strange things I have in head, that will to hand ;  
Which must be acted, ere they may be scann'd.

*Lady M.* You lack the season of all nature, sleep<sup>z</sup>.

---

<sup>y</sup> There's not a *one* of them—

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

<sup>z</sup> You lack the season of all natures, *sleep*.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

*Macb.* Come, we'll to sleep: my strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use:—  
We are yet but young in deed. [Exeunt.

## SCENE V.

*Thunder.* Enter HECATE, meeting the three Witches.

*First Witch.* Why, how now, Hecate? you look angerly.

*Hec.* Have I not reason, beldams, as you are; Saucy, and overbold? How did you dare To trade and traffic with Macbeth, In riddles, and affairs of death; And I, the mistress of your charms, The close contriver of all harms, Was never call'd to bear my part, Or shew the glory of our art? And, which is worse, all you have done, Hath been but for a wayward son, Spightful, and wrathful; who, as others do, Loves for his own ends, not for you. But make amends now: get you gone, And at the pit of Acheron Meet me i' the morning; thither he Will come to know his destiny. Your vessels, and your spells provide, Your charms, and every thing beside: I am for the air; this night I'll spend Unto a dismal and a fatal end. Great business must be wrought ere noon:

Upon the corner of the moon <sup>a</sup>  
 There hangs a vaporous drop profound :  
 I'll catch it ere it come to ground :  
 And that, distill'd by magic slights,  
 Shall raise such artificial sprights,  
 As, by the strength of their illusion,  
 Shall draw him on to his confusion :  
 He shall spurn fate, scorn death, and bear  
 His hopes 'bove wisdom, grace, and fear :  
 And you all know security  
 Is mortal's chiefest enemy.

[*Song within. Come away, Come away, &c.*  
 Hark, I am call'd ; my little spirit, see,  
 Sits in a foggy cloud, and stays for me. [Exit.  
*First Witch.* Come, let's make haste ; she'll soon  
 be back again. [Exeunt,

SCENE VI. FORES. A ROOM IN THE PALACE.

Enter LENOX, and ANGUS <sup>b</sup>.

*Len.* My former speeches have but hit your  
 thoughts,  
 Which can interpret further ; only, I say,  
 Things have been strangely borne : the gracious  
 Duncan

<sup>a</sup> It was a received opinion among the antients that the moon distilled from her surface a kind of froth that was attended to in Sorcerous Incantations.

Et virus largè lunare ministrat.

Lucan.

This is what Shakspeare means by the “vaporous drop profound.”

H. R.

<sup>b</sup> Enter Lenox, and another Lord.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Was pitied of Macbeth:—marry, he was dead:  
And the right-valiant Banquo walk'd too late;  
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,  
For Fleance fled. Men must not walk too late.  
Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous  
It was for Malcolm, and for Donalbain,  
To kill their gracious father? damned fact!  
How did it grieve Macbeth! did he not straight,  
In pious rage, the two delinquents tear,  
That were the slaves of drink, and thralls of sleep?  
Was not that nobly done? ay, and wisely too;  
For 'twould have anger'd any heart alive,  
To hear the men deny it. So that, I say,  
He has borne all things well: and I do think,  
That had he Duncan's sons under his key  
(As, an't please heav'n, he shall not) they should find  
What 'twere to kill a father; so should Fleance.  
But, peace!—for from broad words, and 'cause he  
fail'd

His presence at the tyrant's feast, I hear,  
Macduff lives in disgrace: Sir, can you tell  
Where he bestows himself?

*Ang.* The son of Duncan,  
From whom this tyrant holds the due of birth,  
Lives in the English court; and is receiv'd  
Of the most pious Edward with such grace,  
That the malevolence of fortune nothing  
Takes from his high respect: thither Macduff is  
gone

To pray the holy king, upon his aid  
To wake Northumberland, and warlike Siward;  
That by the help of these (with Him above

To ratify the work) we may again  
 Give to our tables meat, sleep to our nights;  
 Free from our feasts and banquets bloody knives <sup>c</sup>;  
 Do faithful homage, and receive free honours,  
 All which we pine for now: and this report  
 Hath so exasp'rated the king <sup>d</sup>, that he  
 Prepares for some attempt of war.

*Len.* Sent he to Macduff?

*Ang.* He did: and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*  
 The cloudy messenger turns me his back,  
 And hums; as who should say, *You'll rue the time*  
*That clogs me with this answer.*

*Len.* And that well might  
 Advise him to a caution, to hold what distance  
 His wisdom can provide. Some holy angel  
 Fly to the court of England, and unfold  
 His message ere he come; that a swift blessing  
 May soon return to this our suffering country,  
 Under a hand accurs'd!

*Ang.* My prayers with him!

[*Exeunt.*

---

<sup>c</sup> “Bloody knives” seem to allude to the savage custom anciently observed in the Highlands of Scotland, of sticking their Dirks into the table whenever they sat down to eat with a mixed company.

H. R.

<sup>d</sup> Hath so exasperate their King. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*  
 Why *their*? If he were *their* King, (meaning Malcolm and Macduff,) he was surely every Scotchman's king.

H. R.

## ACT IV.

*SCENE I. A DARK CAVE. IN THE MIDDLE A CAULDRON BOILING.*

*Thunder.* Enter the three Witches.

*First Witch.* THRICE the brinded cat hath mew'd.

*Second Witch.* Thrice; and once the hedge-pig  
whin'd.

*Third Witch.* Harpier cries<sup>e</sup>:—'Tis time, 'tis time.

*First Witch.* Round about the cauldron go;

In the poison'd entrails throw.—

Toad, that under the cold stone,

Days and nights has thirty one

Swelter'd venom, sleeping got,

Boil thou first i' the charmed pot!

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;

Fire, burn; and, cauldron, bubble.

*First Witch.* Fillet of a fenny snake,

In the cauldron boil and bake:

Eye of newt, and toe of frog,

Wool of bat, and tongue of dog,

Adder's fork, and blind-worm's sting,

Lizard's leg, and howlet's wing,

For a charm of powerful trouble,

Like a hell-broth boil and bubble.

<sup>e</sup> *Harpier* cries:—

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

The second folio has "Harpier," a familiar spirit, and probably derived from "Harpya," a Harpy. The additional *i* brings it nearer to the derivation.

*H. R.*

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

*Third Witch.* Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf;  
Witches' mummy ; maw, and gulf,  
Of the ravin'd salt-sea shark ;  
Root of hemlock, digg'd i' the dark ;  
Liver of blaspheming Jew :  
Gall of goat, and slips of yew,  
Sliver'd in the moon's eclipse ;  
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's lips ;  
Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab,  
Make the gruel thick and slab :  
Add thereto a tyger's chaudron,  
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

*All.* Double, double, toil and trouble;  
Fire, burn ; and, cauldron, bubble.

*Second Witch.* Cool it with a baboon's blood,  
Then the charm is firm and good.

*Enter HECATE, and three other Witches.*

*Hec.* O, well done ! I commend your pains ;  
And ev'ry one shall share i' the gains.  
And now about the cauldron sing,  
Like elves and fairies in a ring,  
Inchanting all that you put in.

#### SONG.

Black spirits and white,  
Red spirits and grey ;  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

*Second Witch.* By the pricking of my thumbs,  
Something wicked this way comes:  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* How now, you secret, black, and midnight  
hags?

What is't you do?

*All.* A deed without a name.

*Macb.* I conjure you by that which you profess,  
(Howe'er you come to know it,) answer me:  
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight  
Against the churches; though the yesty waves  
Confound and swallow navigation up;  
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown  
down;  
Though castles topple on their warder's heads;  
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope  
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure  
Of Nature's germins<sup>f</sup> tumble all together,  
Even till destruction sicken, answer me  
To what I ask you.

*First Witch.* Speak.

*Second Witch.* Demand.

---

<sup>f</sup> My puppet, Dr. Faustus, informs me, that in all seeds there exists a latent germ, or speck of life; and I read that the great Harvey was of opinion, that every living thing derived its origin from an egg, which contained the speck of life, or germ. Consequently, the "treasure of Nature's germins," emphatically embraces the whole animal and vegetable kingdoms. H. R.

*Third Witch.* We'll answer.

*First Witch.* Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from  
our mouths,

Or from our masters'?

*Macb.* Call them; let me see them.

*First Witch.* Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten  
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten  
From the murderer's gibbet, throw  
Into the flame.

*All.* Come, high, or low;  
Thyself, and office, deftly show.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of an armed Head rises.*

*Macb.* Tell me, thou unknown power,—

*First Witch.* He knows thy thought;  
Hear his speech, but say thou nougat.

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware  
Macduff;  
Beware the Thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.

[*Descends.*]

*Macb.* What e'er thou art, for thy good caution,  
thanks;  
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word  
more:—

*First Witch.* He will not be commanded: here's  
another,  
More potent than the first.

*Thunder.* *An Apparition of a bloody Child rises.*

*App.* Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!—

*Macb.* Had I three ears I'd hear thee.

*App.* Be bloody, bold, and resolute: laugh to scorn

The power of man; for none of woman born  
Shall harm Macbeth. [Descends.

*Macb.* Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of  
thee?

But yet I'll make assurance double sure,  
And take a bond of fate; thou shalt not live;  
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,  
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,

*Thunder.* An Apparition of a Child crowned, with a  
Tree in his Hand, rises.

That rises like the issue of a king;  
And wears upon his baby brow the round  
And top of sovereignty?

*All.* Listen, but speak not.

*App.* Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care  
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:  
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until  
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill  
Shall come against him. [Descends.

*Macb.* That will never be.  
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree  
Unfix his earth-bound root? Sweet bodements!  
good!

Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood  
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth  
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath  
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart  
Throbs to know one thing; tell me, (if your art  
Can tell so much,) shall Banquo's issue ever  
Reign in this kingdom?

*All.* Seek to know no more.

*Macb.* I will be satisfied: deny me this,  
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—  
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?

[*Hautboys.*]

*First Witch.* Shew!

*Second Witch.* Shew!

*Third Witch.* Shew!

*All.* Shew his eyes, and grieve his heart.  
Come like shadows, so depart.

[*Eight Kings appear, and pass over the Stage in order; the last with a Glass in his Hand: BANQUO following.*]

*Macb.* Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo:  
down!

Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—  
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags:  
Why do you shew me this?—A fourth! Start eyes!  
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of  
doom?—

Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—  
And yet the eight appears, who bears a glass,  
Which shews me many more: and some I see,  
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:  
Horrible sight!—Now, I see, 'tis true;  
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,  
And points at them for his.—What! is this so?

*First Witch.* Ay, Sir, all this is so:—But why,  
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—  
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,  
And shew the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,  
While you perform your antique round:  
That this great king may kindly say,  
Our duties did his welcome pay.

[*Musick. The Witches dance and vanish.*

*Macb.* Where are they? Gone!—Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the kalendar!  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd be those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you  
word,

Macduff is fled to England.

*Macb.* Fled to England!

*Len.* Ay, my good lord:

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:  
The flighty purpose never is o'er-took,  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought and  
done:

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;

Seize upon Fife ; give to the edge o' the sword  
 His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
 That trace his line. No boasting like a fool ;  
 This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool.  
 But no more sights!—Where are these gentlemen ?  
 Come, bring me where they are. [Exeunt.

*SCENE II. A Room in Macduff's Castle.*

*Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.*

*L. Macd.* What had he done, to make him fly the land ?

*Rosse.* You must have patience, Madam.

*L. Macd.* He had none :

His flight was madness: when our actions do not,  
 Our fears do make us traitors.

*Rosse.* You know not,

Whether it was his wisdom, or his fear.

*L. Macd.* Wisdom ! to leave his wife, to leave his babes,

His mansion, and his titles, in a place  
 From whence himself does fly? He loves us not ;  
 He wants the natural touch: for the poor wren,  
 The most diminutive of birds, will fight,  
 Her young ones in her nest, against the owl.  
 All is the fear, and nothing is the love ;  
 As little is the wisdom, where the flight  
 So runs against all reason.

*Rosse.* My dearest coz',

I pray you school yourself: but, for your husband  
 He is noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

The fits o' the season. I dare not speak much further:

But cruel are the times, when we are traitors,  
And do not know ourselves; when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear;  
But float upon a wild and violent sea,  
Each way, and move.—I take my leave of you:  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward  
To what they were before.—My pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you!

*L. Macd.* Father'd he is, and yet he's fatherless.

*Rosse.* I am so much a fool, should I stay longer,  
It would be my disgrace, and your discomfort:  
I take my leave at once. [Exit Rosse.]

*L. Macd.* Sirrah, your father's dead;  
And what will you do now? How will you live?

*Son.* As birds do, mother.

*L. Macd.* What, on worms and flies<sup>z</sup>?

*Son.* On what I get I mean; and so do they.

*L. Macd.* Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net,  
nor lime,

The pit-fall, nor the gin.

*Son.* Why should I, mother? Poor birds they are  
not set for.

My father is not dead, for all your saying,

*L. Macd.* Yes, he is dead; how wilt thou do for a  
father?

---

<sup>z</sup> What, with worms and flies? Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

*Son.* Nay, how will you do for a husband?

*L. Macd.* Why, I can buy me twenty at any market.

*Son.* Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

*L. Macd.* Thou speak'st with all thy wit; and yet i'faith,

With wit enough for thee.

*Son.* Was my father a traitor, mother?

*L. Macd.* Ay, that he was.

*Son.* What is a traitor?

*L. Macd.* Why, one that swears and lies.

*Son.* And be all traitors, that do so?

*L. Macd.* Every one that does so, is a traitor, and must be hang'd.

*Son.* And must they all be hang'd, that swear and lie?

*L. Macd.* Every one.

*Son.* Who must hang them?

*L. Macd.* Why the honest men.

*Son.* Then the liars and swearers are fools; for there are liars and swearers enough to beat the honest men, and hang up them.

*L. Macd.* Now God help thee, poor monkey! but how wilt thou do for a father?

*Son.* If he were dead, you'd weep for him: if you would not, it were a good sign that I should quickly have a new father.

*L. Macd.* Poor prattler! how thou talk'st!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Bless you, fair dame! I am not to you known, Though in your state of honour I am perfect.

I doubt some danger does approach you nearly :  
 If you will take a homely man's advice,  
 Be not found here ; hence, with your little ones,  
 To fright you thus, methinks, I am too savage ;  
 To do worse to you, were fell cruelty,  
 Which is too nigh your person. Heaven preserve  
 you !

I dare abide no longer. [Exit Messenger.

L. Macd. Whither should I fly ?  
 I have done no harm. But I remember now  
 I am in this earthly world : where, to do harm,  
 Is often laudable ; to do good, sometime,  
 Accounted dangerous folly : why then, alas !  
 Do I put up that womanly defence,  
 To say I have done no harm ?—What are these  
 faces ?

*Enter certain Murderers.*

Mur. Where is your husband ?

L. Macd. I hope, in no place so unsanctified,  
 Where such as thou may'st find him.

Mur. He's a traitor.

Son. Thou ly'st, thou shag-ear'd villain.

Mur. What, you egg ? [Stabbing him.  
 Young fry of treachery ?

Son. He has kill'd me, mother :

Run away I pray you. [Dies.

[Exit Lady Macduff, crying murder, and  
 pursued by the murderers.

## SCENE III. ENGLAND.

*Enter MALCOLM and MACDUFF.*

*Mal.* Let us seek out some desolate shade, and  
there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macd.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword ; and like good men,  
Bestride our down-fall'n birthdom : Each new morn,  
New widows howl ; new orphans cry ; new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out  
Like syllable of dolour.

*Mal.* What I believe, I'll wail ;  
What know, believe ; and, what I can redress,  
As I shall find the time to friend, I will.  
What you have spoke, it may be so, perchance.  
This tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,  
Was once thought honest : you have lov'd him well ;  
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am young ; but  
something

You may deserve of him through me : and wisdom  
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent lamb,  
To appease an angry god.

*Macd.* I am not treacherous.

*Mal.* But Macbeth is.

A good and virtuous nature may recoil,  
In an imperial charge. But crave your pardon ;  
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpose :  
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell :  
Though all things foul would wear the brows of  
grace,

Yet grace must still look so.

*Macd.* I have lost my hopes.

*Mal.* Perchance, even there, where I did find my doubts.

Why in that rawness left you wife and child,  
(Those precious motives, those strong knots of love,) Without leave-taking?—I pray you,  
Let not my jealousies be your dishonours,  
But mine own safeties:—~~You~~ may be rightly just,  
Whatever I shall think.

*Macd.* Bleed, bleed, poor country!  
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,  
For goodness dares not check thee!—Wear thou thy wrongs,

Thy title is affeer'd!—Fare thee well, lord:  
I would not be the villain that thou think'st,  
For the whole space that's in the tyrant's grasp,  
And the rich East to boot.

*Mal.* Be not offended:  
I speak not as in absolute fear of you.  
I think, our country sinks beneath the yoke;  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds: I think, withal,  
There would be hands uplifted in my right;  
And here, from gracious England, have I offer  
Of goodly thousands: but, for all this,  
When I shall tread upon the tyrant's head,  
Or wear it on my sword, yet my poor country  
Shall have more vices than it had before;  
More suffer, and more sundry ways than ever,  
By him that shall succeed.

*Macd.* What should he be?

*Mal.* It is myself I mean : in whom I know  
All the particulars of vice so grafted,  
That when they shall be open'd, black Macbeth  
Will seem as pure as snow ; and the poor state  
Esteem him as a lamb, being compar'd  
With my confineless harms.

*Macd.* Not in the legions  
Of horrid hell, can come a devil more damn'd,  
In evils, to top Macbeth.

*Mal.* I grant him bloody,  
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,  
Sudden, malicious, smacking of every sin  
That has a name : But there's no bottom, none,  
In my voluptuousness ; your wives, your daughters,  
Your matrons, and your maids, could not fill up  
The cistern of my lust ; and my desire  
All continent impediments would o'er-bear,  
That did oppose my will : Better Macbeth,  
Than such a one to reign.

*Macd.* Boundless intemperance  
In nature is a tyranny : it hath been  
The untimely emptying of the happy throne,  
And fall of many kings. But fear not yet  
To take upon you what is yours : you may  
Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,  
And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink.  
We have willing dames enough ; there cannot be  
That vulture in you, to devour so many  
As will to greatness dedicate themselves,  
Finding it so inclin'd.

*Mal.* With this, there grows,  
In my most ill-compos'd affection, such

A stanchless avarice, that, were I king,  
 I should cut off the nobles for their lands ;  
 Desire his jewels, and this other's house :  
 And my more-having would be as a sauce  
 To make me hunger more ; that I should forge  
 Quarrels unjust against the good, and loyal,  
 Destroying them for wealth.

*Macd.* This avarice

Sticks deeper ; grows with more pernicious root  
 Than summer-seeding lust : and it hath been  
 The sword of our slain kings : yet do not fear ;  
 Scotland hath foysons to fill up your will,  
 Of your mere own : all these are bearable <sup>b</sup>,  
 With other graces weigh'd.

*Mal.* But I have none : The king-becoming  
 graces,

As justice, verity, temperance, stableness,  
 Beauty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,  
 Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude,  
 I have no relish of them ; but abound  
 In the division of each several crime,  
 Acting it many ways. Nay, had I power, I should  
 Pour the sweet milk of concord into hell,  
 Uproar the universal peace, confound  
 All unity on earth.

*Macd.* Oh Scotland ! Scotland !

*Mal.* If such a one be fit to govern, speak :  
 I am as I have spoken.

*Macd.* Fit to govern !

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<sup>b</sup> —— all these are *portable*.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

No, not to live.—O nation miserable,  
 With an untitled tyrant, bloody scepter'd,  
 When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?  
 Since that the truest issue of thy throne  
 By his own interdiction stands accrû'd,  
 And does blaspheme his breed?—Thy royal father  
 Was a most sainted king; the queen, that bore thee,  
 Oftner upon her knees than on her feet,  
 Died every day she liv'd. Fare thee well!  
 These evils thou repeat'st upon thyself,  
 Have banish'd me from Scotland.—O, my breast,  
 Thy hope ends here!

*Mal.* Macduff, this noble passion,  
 Child of integrity, hath from my soul  
 Wip'd the black scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts  
 To thy good truth and honour. Devilish Macbeth  
 By many of these trains, hath sought to win me  
 Into his power; and modest wisdom plucks me  
 From over-credulous haste: but God above  
 Deal between thee and me! for even now  
 I put myself to thy direction, and  
 Unspeak my own detraction; here abjure  
 The taints and blames I laid upon myself,  
 For strangers to my nature. I am yet  
 Unknown to woman; never was forsworn;  
 Scarcely have coveted what was mine own;  
 At no time broke my faith; would not betray  
 The devil to his fellow; and delight  
 No less in truth, than life: my first false speaking  
 Was this upon myself: What I am truly,  
 Is thine, and my poor country's to command:  
 Whither, indeed, before thy here-approach,

Old Siward, with ten thousand warlike men,  
All ready at a point, was setting forth :  
Now we'll together ; and the chance of goodness,  
Be like our warranted quarrel ! Why are you silent ?

*Macd.* Such welcome and unwelcome things at once,

'Tis hard to reconcile.

*Enter a Doctor.*

*Mal.* Well ; more anon.—Comes the king forth,  
I pray you ?

*Doc.* Ay, Sir : there are a crew of wretched souls,  
That stay his cure. Their malady defeats<sup>1</sup>  
The great assay of art ; but, at his touch,  
Such sanctity hath Heav'n giv'n his hand,  
They presently amend.

*Mal.* I thank you Doctor. [Exit Doctor.

*Macd.* What's the disease he means ?

*Mal.* 'Tis call'd the Evil :

A most miraculous work in this good king ;  
Which often, since my here-remain in England,

<sup>1</sup> Their malady convinces

The great assay of art;      Johnson. Steevens. Malone,

One of my puppets, made out of a log of French walnut-tree, contends that the word "convince" is derived from *con* and *vaincre*, and ought to be used to express "over-power," as Shakspeare has done ; but my other gentlemen, cut out of English oak, have refused to permit the word to have any other signification than the modern English one ; and it is in obedience to their opinion that I have substituted "defeats" for "convinces."

I have seen him do. How he solicits Heaven,  
 Himself best knows: but strangely-visited people,  
 All swoln and ulcerous, pitiful to the eye,  
 The mere despair of surgery, he cures ;  
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks,  
 Put on with holy prayers : and 'tis spoken,  
 To the succeeding royalty he leaves  
 The healing benediction. With this strange virtue,  
 He hath a heavenly gift of prophecy ;  
 And sundry blessings hang about his throne,  
 That speak him full of grace.

*Enter Rosse.*

*Macd.* See, who comes here ?

*Mal.* My countryman; but yet I know him not.

*Macd.* My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.

*Mal.* I know him now: Good God, betimes remove  
 The means that make us strangers !

*Rosse.* Sir, Amen.

*Macd.* Stands Scotland where it did ?

*Rosse.* Alas, poor country ;  
 Almost afraid to know itself ! It cannot  
 Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where no one<sup>k</sup>,  
 But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile ;  
 Where sighs, and groans, and shrieks that rend the air,  
 Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
 A modern ecstasy : the dead man's knell  
 Is there scarce ask'd, for whom ; and good men's lives

---

<sup>k</sup> ————— where *nothing*,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile.

Expire, before the flowers in their caps  
Die<sup>1</sup>, or ere they sicken.

*Macd.* Oh, relation,  
Too nice, and yet too true !

*Mal.* What is the newest grief?

*Rosse.* That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;  
Each minute teems a new one.

*Macd.* How does my wife?

*Rosse.* Why, well.

*Macd.* And all my children?

*Rosse.* Well too.

*Macd.* The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?

*Rosse.* No; they were all at peace, when I did  
leave them.

*Macd.* Be not a niggard of thy speech; how goes it?

*Rosse.* When I came hither to transport the tidings,  
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour  
Of many worthy fellows that were out;  
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,

<sup>1</sup> \_\_\_\_\_ and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,

Dying, or ere they sicken. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

Dr Johnson, who had asserted that there were no trees in Scotland, has here lost a happy subject for the exercise of his good nature. What! Flowers in the Highlands! Yes, my dear departed friend, Heath-flowers in abundance. And it is to these flowers that Shakspeare alludes, it being customary with the Highlanders, when on a march, to stick sprigs of heath in their bonnets. We cannot say that a vegetable "expires," but, in common with animal life, it may be said to "die." The alteration gives sense to the passage.

H. R.

For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot :  
 Now is time of help ; your eye in Scotland  
 Would create soldiers, make our women fight,  
 To doff their dire distresses.

*Mal.* Be it their comfort,  
 We are coming thither : gracious England hath  
 Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men ;  
 An older, and a better soldier, none  
 That Christendom gives out.

*Rosse.* 'Would I could answer  
 This comfort with the like ! But I have words,  
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,  
 Where hearing should not catch them.

*Macd.* What concern they ?  
 The general cause ? or is it a fee-grief,  
 Due to some single breast ?

*Rosse.* No mind, that's honest,  
 But in it shares some woe ; though the main part  
 Pertains to you alone.

*Macd.* If it be mine,  
 Keep it not from me ; quickly let me have it.

*Rosse.* Let not you ears despise my tongue for ever,  
 Which shall possess them with the heaviest sound  
 That ever yet they heard.

*Macd.* Ha<sup>m</sup> ! I guess at it.

*Rosse.* Your castle is surpris'd ; your wife, and  
 babes,

---

<sup>m</sup> *Humph!* I guess at it.      *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

Humph ! supposes something of deliberation, which was not Macduff's case. His conception was instantaneous. I here set the genius of Shakspeare against the old quartos and folios, *mea hericula.*

Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,  
Were, on the quarry of these murder'd deer,  
To add the death of you.

*Mal.* Merciful heaven!—

What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;  
Give sorrow words: the grief, that does not speak,  
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.

*Macd.* My children too?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants,—all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence!  
My wife kill'd too?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Be comforted:

Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* You have<sup>a</sup> no children.—All my pretty  
ones?

Did you say, all?—O, hell-kite!—All?  
What, all my pretty chickens, and their dam,  
At one fell swoop?

*Mal.* Dispute it like a man.

<sup>a</sup> *He has no children.*—

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

This could not be said of Macbeth. The address is to Malcolm, in answer to the word "comforted," which did not accord with Macduff's feelings. History does not inform us whether Macbeth had, or had not children. But it is probable that he had, from an expression of Lady Macbeth's upon a former occasion.

— I have given suck, and know  
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me.

Besides, Macbeth's anxiety to have the crown descend lineally, shows that he then had children.

*Macd.* I shall do so;  
 But I must also feel as a man:  
 I cannot but remember such things were,  
 That were most precious to me.—Did Heaven look on,  
 And would not take their part? sinful Macduff,  
 They were all struck for thee! naught that I am;  
 Not for their own demerits, but for mine,  
 Fell slaughter on their souls: Heaven rest them now!

*Mal.* Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief  
 Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

*Macd.* Oh, I could play the woman with mine eyes,  
 And braggart with my tongue!—But, gentle Heaven,  
 Cut short all intermission; front to front,  
 Bring thou this fiend of Scotland, and myself;  
 Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,  
 Heaven forgive him too!

*Mal.* This tune goes manly.  
 Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;  
 Our lack is nothing but our leave: Macbeth  
 Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above  
 Put on their instruments. Receive what cheer you  
 may;

The night is long, that never finds the day. [Exeunt.

## ACT V.

*SCENE I. DUNSSINANE. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.*

*Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a waiting Gentlewoman.*

*Doctor.* I HAVE two nights watch'd with you,  
 but can perceive no truth in your report. When  
 was it she last walk'd?

*Gent.* Since his Majesty went into the field, I have seen her rise from her bed, throw her night gown upon her, unlock her closet, take forth paper, fold it, write upon it, read it, afterwards seal it, and again return to bed; yet all this while in a most fast sleep.

*Doct.* A great perturbation in nature! to receive at once the benefit of sleep, and do the effects of watching.—In this slumbry agitation, besides her walking, and other actual performances, what, at any time, have you heard her say?

*Gent.* That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

*Doct.* You may, to me; and 'tis most meet you should.

*Gent.* Neither to you, nor any one; having no witness to confirm my speech.

*Enter Lady Macbeth, with a Taper.*

Lo you, here she comes! This is her very guise; and upon my life, fast asleep. Observe her; stand close.

*Doct.* How came she by that light?

*Gent.* Why, it stood by her: she has light by her continually; 'tis her command.

*Doct.* You see her eyes are open.

*Gent.* Ay, but their sense is shut.

*Doct.* What is it she does now? Look, how she rubs her hands.

*Gent.* It is an accustomed action with her, to seem thus washing her hands; I have known her continue in this a quarter of an hour

*Lady M.* Yet here's a spot.

*Doct.* Hark, she speaks: I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my remembrance the more strongly.

*Lady M.* Out, damned spot! Out, I say!—One; Two: Why, then 'tis time to do't:—Hell is murky!— Fie, my lord, fie! a soldier, and afeard? what need we fear who knows it, when none can call our power to account?—Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him<sup>o</sup>?

*Doct.* Do you mark that?

*Lady M.* The Thane of Fife had a wife; where is she now?—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?—No more o' that, my lord, no more o' that: you mar all with this starting.

*Doct.* Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

*Gent.* She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: heav'n knows what she has known.

*Lady M.* Here's the smell of the blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand. Oh! oh! oh!

*Doct.* What a sigh is there? The heart is sorely charg'd.

*Gent.* I would not have such a heart in my bosom, for the dignity of the whole body.

• It is well known that as we advance in life, the arterial system increases in rigidity, so that the same vessels are not able to contain the same quantity of blood as in youth. When the critics shall think proper to cut my throat, they will find me as bloodless as Ovid's old ram.—

H. R.

Guttura cultro  
Fodit, et exiguo maculavit sanguine ferrum.

MET. 7.

*Doct.* Well, well, well,—

*Gent.* Pray God, it be, Sir.

*Doct.* This disease is beyond my practice: Yet I have known those who have walk'd in their sleep, to have died holily in their beds<sup>p</sup>.

*Lady M.* Wash your hands, put on your night-gown; look not so pale:—I tell you yet again, Banquo's buried; he cannot come out of his grave.

*Doct.* Even so!

*Lady M.* To bed, to bed; there's knocking at the gate. Come, come, come, come, give me your hand; what's done, cannot be undone: To bed, to bed, to bed. [Exit *Lady Macbeth*.

*Doct.* Will she go now to bed?

*Gent.* Directly.

*Doct.* Foul whisperings are abroad: unnatural deeds

Do breed unnatural troubles: infected minds  
To their deaf pillows will discharge their secrets.  
More needs she the divine, than the physician.  
God, God, forgive us all! Look after her;  
Remove from her the means of all annoyance,  
And still keep eyes upon her:—So good night:  
My mind she has mated, and amaz'd my sight:  
I think, but dare not speak.

*Gent.* Good night, good doctor.

[*Exeunt*.]

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<sup>p</sup> —— Yet I have known those *which* have walk'd in their sleep, *who* have died holily in their beds.

## SCENE II. THE COUNTRY NEAR DUNSSINANE.

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MENTETH, CATHNESS, ANGUS, LENOX, and Soldiers.*

*Ment.* The English power is near, led on by Malcolm,  
His uncle Siward, and the good Macduff.  
Revenge burns in them: for their dear causes  
Would, to the bleeding, and the grim alarm,  
Excite the mortified man.

*Ang.* Near Birnam wood  
Shall we well meet them; that way are they coming.

*Cath.* Who knows, if Donalbain be with his brother?

*Len.* For certain, Sir, he is not: I have a file  
Of all the gentry; there is Siward's son,  
And many unrough youths, that even now  
Protest their first of manhood.

*Ment.* What does the tyrant?

*Cath.* Great Dunsinane he strongly fortifies.  
Some say, he's mad; others that lesser hate him,  
Do call it valiant fury: but, for certain,  
He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause  
Within the belt of rule.

*Ang.* Now does he feel  
His secret murders sticking on his hands;  
Now minutely revolts upbraid his faith-breach;  
Those he commands, move only in command,  
Nothing in love<sup>a</sup>: now does he feel his title

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<sup>a</sup> Nothing in love:

How happy is the state of that Prince who reigns in the hearts  
of his subjects; and how miserable are those subjects, who move  
only in "command, and nothing in love"? And yet,

Hang loose about him, like a giant's robe  
Upon a dwarfish thief.

*Ment.* Who then shall blame  
His pester'd senses to recoil and start,  
When all that is within him does condemn  
Itself, for being there?

*Cath.* Well, march we on,  
To give obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :  
Meet we the medecin of the sickly weal ;  
And with him pour we, in our country's purge,  
Each drop of us.

*Len.* Or so much as it needs,  
To dew the sovereign flower, and drown the weeds.  
Make we our march towards Birnam. [Exeunt.

*SCENE III. DUNSNANE. A ROOM IN THE CASTLE.*

*Enter MACBETH, Doctor, and Attendants.*

*Macb.* Bring me no more reports; let them fly all:  
Till Birnam wood remove to Dunsinane,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy Maccolm?  
Was he not born of woman? the spirits that know

---

Tu quicunque es qui sceptr'a tenes,  
Licet omne tuâ vulgus in aulâ  
Centum pariter limina pulset ;  
Cum tot populis stipatus eas,  
In tot populis vix una fides.

HERCUL. OET.

Most of my readers will understand this note as little as myself, but as it was given me by one of my puppets who prides himself in being made out of a block of that tree which Pliny describes, under the name of "Sapientissima," I have ventured to insert it; but I beg that I may not be considered as answerable either for its propriety or application.

H. R.

All mortal consequents, pronounc'd me thus:  
*Fear not, Macbeth; no man that's born of woman,*  
*Shall e'er have power on thee.*—Then fly, false Thanes,  
 And mingle with the English Epicures<sup>†</sup>:  
 The mind I sway by, and the heart I bear,  
 Shall never sagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

*Enter a Servant.*

The devil damn thee black, thou cream-fac'd loon!  
 Where got'st thou that goose look?

*Ser.* There is ten thousand—

*Macb.* Geese, villain?

*Ser.* Soldiers, Sir.

*Macb.* Go, prick thy face, and over-red thy fear,  
 Thou lilly-liver'd boy. What soldiers, patch?  
 Death of thy soul! those linen cheeks of thine  
 Are counsellors to fear. What soldiers, whey-face?

*Ser.* The English force, so please you.

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<sup>†</sup> And mingle with the English epicures.

Dr. Faustus, and my seven wise men of Greece, hold Dr. Johnson's comment upon this line in great contempt. Shakespeare used the word "Epicures" in conformity to an historical fact, of which Dr. Johnson seems to have had no knowledge. The English noblemen and gentlemen who accompanied James I. and his Queen into Scotland, A. D. 1424, introduced, it is said, a more luxurious way of living into that kingdom than had formerly been known, which gave great offence to such of the nobility as admired the temperance and frugality of their ancestors. Henry Wardlaw, Bishop of St. Andrews, made a long and eloquent harangue before the King, in a parliament held at Perth, A. D. 1433, against that new and extravagant mode of living introduced by the English; and in consequence of that harangue, an act of Parliament was made, regulating the manner in which persons of all orders should live.

*Macb.* Take thy face hence.—Seyton!—I am sick at heart,

When I behold—Seyton, I say!—This push Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now. I have liv'd long enough: my May of life Is fall'n into the sear', the yellow leaf: And that which should accompany old age, As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, I must not look to have; but in their stead, Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath, Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not. Seyton!—

*Enter SEYTON.*

*Sey.* What is your gracious pleasure?

*Macb.* What news more?

*Sey.* All is confirm'd, my lord, which was reported.

*Macb.* I'll fight, till from my bones my flesh be hack'd.

— My *way* of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf:

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

My wooden gentlemen are the best judges of the word “sear.” Some of the upper branches of every old oak are “sear,” that is, dry and leafless, as may be seen every day. Spenser, in his description of an aged oak, distinctly places the word before us

— The gray moss mars his rine,  
His bare boughs are beaten with stormes;  
His top is bald, and wasted with worms;  
His honour decayed, his branches sere.

“ May of life” is well opposed to “ sear,” and is a much better reading than “ way of life.”

*H. R.*

Give me my armour.

*Sey.* 'Tis not needed yet.

*Macb.* I'll put it on.

Send out more horses, scour<sup>1</sup> the country round;  
Hang those that talk of fear.—Give me mine ar-  
mour.—

How does your patient, doctor?

*Doct.* Not so sick, my lord,  
As she is troubled with thick-coming fancies,  
That keep her from her rest.

*Macb.* Cure her of that:

Canst thou not minister to a mind diseas'd;  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow;  
Raze out the written troubles of the brain;  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,  
Which weighs upon the heart?

*Doct.* Therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.

*Macb.* Throw physick to the dogs. I'll none of it.  
Come, put mine armour on; give me my staff:—  
Seyton, send out.—Doctor, the Thanes fly from me:  
Come, Sir, dispatch.—If thou could'st, doctor, cast  
The water of my land, find her disease,

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<sup>1</sup> Send out more horses, *skirr* the country round.

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Though I have the greatest veneration for obsolete English words, I do not see the propriety of retaining them upon the stage; for which reason, I have in this place substituted "scour" for "skirr." Skirr is derived from the Greek *σκηράω*, as I am informed by my prompter.

And purge it to a sound and pristine health,  
 I would applaud thee to the very echo,  
 That should applaud again.—Pull’t off, I say.—  
 What rhubarb, sena, or what purgative drug,  
 Would scour these English hence?—Hearest thou  
 of them?

*Doct.* Ay, my good lord; your royal preparation  
 Makes us hear something.

*Macb.* Bring it after me—  
 I will not be afraid of death and bane,  
 Till Birnam forest come to Dunsinane.

*Doct.* Were I from Dunsinane away and clear, [Aside.  
 Profit again should hardly draw me here. [Exeunt.

*SCENE IV. COUNTRY NEAR DUNSNANE. A WOOD IN VIEW.*

Enter, with Drums and Colours, MALCOLM, SIWARD,  
 MACDUFF, SIWARD’s Son, MENTETH, CATH-  
 NESS, ANGUS, LENOX, ROSSE, and Soldiers  
 marching.

*Mal.* Cousins, I hope, the days are near at hand,  
 That chambers will be safe.

*Ment.* We doubt it nothing.

*Siw.* What wood is this before us?

*Ment.* The wood of Birnam.

*Mal.* Let every soldier hew him down a bough,  
 And bear’t before him; thereby shall we shadow  
 The number of our host, and make discovery  
 Err in report of us.

*Sold.* It shall be done.

*Siw.* We learn no other, but the confident tyrant  
 Keeps still in Dunsinane, and will endure

Our setting down before it.

*Mal.* 'Tis his main hope :  
For when there is advantage to be gain'd <sup>u</sup>,  
Both more and less do give him the revolt ;  
And none serve with him but constrained things,  
Whose hearts are absent too.

*Macd.* Let our just censures  
Attend the true event, and put we on  
Industrious soldiership.

*Siw.* The time approaches,  
That will with due decision make us know  
What we shall say we have, and what we owe.  
Thoughts speculative their unsure hopes relate ;  
But certain issue strokes must arbitrate :  
Towards which, advance the war. [ *Exeunt marching.* ]

*SCENE V. DUNSSINANE. WITHIN THE CASTLE.*

*Enter MACBETH, SEYTON, and Soldiers, with Drums and Colours.*

*Macb.* Hang out our banners on the outward walls ;  
The cry is still, *They come* : Our castle's strength  
Will laugh a siege to scorn ; here let them lie,  
Till famine, and the ague eat them up :  
Were they not forc'd with those that should be ours,  
We might have met them dareful, beard to beard,  
And beat them backward home. What is that  
noise ? [ *A cry within of women.* ]

*Sey.* It is the cry of women, my good lord.

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<sup>u</sup> For where there is advantage to be given,  
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

*Macb.* I have almost forgot the taste of fears:  
 The time has been, my senses would have cool'd  
 To hear a night-shriek ; and my fell of hair  
 Would at a dismal treatise rouse, and stir  
 As life were in't: I have supt full with horrors ;  
 Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,  
 Cannot once start me.—Wherefore was that cry ?

*Sey.* The Queen, my lord, is dead.

*Macb.* She should have died hereafter ;  
 There would have been a time for such a word.  
 To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
 To the last syllable of recorded time ;  
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
 The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle !  
 Life's but a walking shadow<sup>u</sup>; it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.—

*Enter a Messenger.*

Thou com'st to use thy tongue: thy story quickly.

<sup>u</sup> ——.Out, out, brief candle !  
 Life's but a walking shadow ; *a poor player*,  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,  
 Signifying nothing.— *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

I have omitted the lines marked in Italicks, considering them as a play-house interpolation, and what Shakspeare would never have put into the mouth of a great man labouring under violent perturbation.

H. R.

O

*Mess.* Gracious my lord,  
I should report that which, I say I saw,  
But know not how to do't.

*Macb.* Well, say, Sir.

*Mess.* As I did stand my watch upon the hill,  
I look'd toward Birnam, and anon, methought,  
The wood began to move.

*Macb.* Liar, and slave! [Striking him.]

*Mess.* Let me endure your wrath, if't be not so:  
Within this three mile you may see it coming;  
I say, a moving grove.

*Macb.* If thou speak'st false,  
Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
I care not if thou dost for me as much.—  
I pall<sup>v</sup> in resolution; and begin  
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend,  
That lies like truth: *Fear not, till Birnam wood*  
*Do come to Dunsinane!*—and now a wood  
Comes towards Dunsinane.—Arm, arm, and out!—  
If this, which he avouches, does appear,  
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here.  
I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun<sup>w</sup>,  
And wish the estate o' the world were now undone.

<sup>v</sup> I *full* in resolution.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

Whoever reads this speech with attention, will be convinced that Macbeth's resolution was leaving him, and that we ought not to view him as a man that was concentrating his courage. To "pall in resolution" is certainly the true reading. H. R.

<sup>w</sup> I 'gin to be a-weary of the sun.

My prompter calls this a better line than Virgil's

Tædet cæli convexa tueri.

H. R.

Ring the alarum bell.—Blow, wind ! come, wrack !  
At least we'll die with harness on our back.

[*Exeunt.*]

*SCENE VI. THE SAME. A PLAIN BEFORE THE CASTLE.*

*Enter, with Drum and Colours, MALCOLM, Old Siward, MACDUFF, &c. and their Army, with Boughs.*

*Mal.* Now near enough ; your leavy screens throw down,

And shew like those you are.—You, worthy uncle,  
Shall, with my cousin, your right noble son,  
Lead our first battle : worthy Macduff, and we,  
Shall take upon us what else remains to do,  
According to our order.

*Siw.* Fare you well.—

Do we but find the tyrant's power to-night,  
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

*Macd.* Make all our trumpets speak ; give them  
all breath,

Those clamorous harbingers of blood and death.

[*Exeunt. Alarums continued.*]

*SCENE VII. THE SAME. ANOTHER PART OF THE PLAIN.*

*Enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* They have ty'd me to a stake ; I cannot fly,  
But, bear-like, I must fight the course.—What's he,  
That was not born of woman ? Such a one  
Am I to fear, or none.

*Enter Young Siward.*

*Yo. Siw.* What is thy name?

*Macb.* Thou'l be afraid to hear it.

*Yo. Siw.* No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter name

Than any is in hell.

*Macb.* My name's Macbeth.

*Yo. Siw.* The devil himself could not pronounce a title

More hateful to mine ear.

*Macb.* No, nor more fearful.

*Yo. Siw.* Thou liest, abhorred tyrant; with my sword I'll prove the lie thou speak'st.

[*They fight, and Young Siward is slain.*

*Macb.* Thou wast born of woman.—

But swords I smile at, weapons laugh to scorn,  
Brandish'd by man that's of a woman born. [*Exit.*]

*Alarums.* *Enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* That way the noise is.—Tyrant, shew thy face:

If thou be slain, and with no stroke of mine,  
My wife and children's ghosts will haunt me still.  
I cannot strike at wretched kerns, whose arms  
Are hir'd to bear their staves; either thou Macbeth,  
Or else my sword, with an unbatter'd edge,  
I sheath again undeeded. There thou should'st be;  
By this great clatter, one of greatest note  
Seems bruited: Let me find him, Fortune! and  
More I beg not.

[*Exit. Alarum.*

*Enter MALCOLM and Old SIWARD.*

*Siw.* This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently ren-  
der'd :

The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;  
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;  
The day almost itself professes yours,  
And little is to do.

*Mal.* We have met with foes  
That strike beside us.

*Siw.* Enter, Sir, the castle. [ *Exeunt. Alarum.*

*Re-enter MACBETH.*

*Macb.* Why should I play the Roman fool, and die  
On mine own sword ? whiles I see lives, the gashes  
Do better upon them.

*Re-enter MACDUFF.*

*Macd.* Turn, hell-hound, turn.

*Macb.* Of all men else I have avoided thee :  
But get thee back, my soul is too much charg'd  
With blood of thine already.

*Macd.* I have no words,  
My voice is in my sword: thou bloodier villain  
Than terms can give thee out! [ *They fight.*

*Macb.* Thou losest labour :  
As easy may'st thou the intrenchant air  
With thy keen sword impress, as make me bleed :  
Let fall thy blade on vulnerable crests ;  
I bear a charmed life, which must not yield  
To one of woman born.

*Macd.* Despair thy charm ;  
And let the angel, whom thou still hast serv'd,

Tell thee, Macduff was from his mother's womb  
Untimely ripp'd.

*Macb.* Accursed be that tongue that tells me so,  
For it hath cow'd my better part of man !

And be these juggling fiends no more believ'd,  
That palter with us in a double sense;

That keep the word of promise to our ear,

And break it to our hope.—I'll not fight w

16.4. The `yield` command

*Macd.* Then yield thee, coward,  
And like a dog go to thy grave, a' the time.

And live to be the shew and gaze o' the th'.

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters a  
Painful, though a dangerous, conquest.

Painted upon a cloth"; and u-

*Here may you see the Tyrant.*  
—*Mark's* *Illustrated* *Almanac*.

*Macb.* I will not yield,  
To him thou wouldst before have given **Malcolm**.

To kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet,  
And to load him with the rabble's curse.

And to be baited with the rabble's curse.  
The old Ringer should be come to Dunsinane

Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane,  
I will not say he'd, being of no woman born.

And thou oppos'd, being of no woman  
Not I will to the last. Before my body

Yet I will try the last: Before my body  
I'll ~~die~~ <sup>die</sup> manlike shield; lay on Macduff:

I throw my warlike shield: lay on Maedan,  
And he'll be him that first cries *Hold, enough!*

And damn'd be him that first cries, *Hour, hour,* etc.  
[Reprint fig.

Examination.

*Retreat. Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours,  
MALCOLM, Old SIWARD, ROSSE, ANGUS,  
CATHNESS, MENTETH, and Soldiers.*

*Mat.* I would the friends we miss, were safe arriv'd.

Sir. Some must go off: and yet, by these I see,  
So great a day as this is cheaply bought.

\* Painted upon a *hole*;

Johnson. Steevens. Malone.

Having been a traveller in this way myself, I shall venture to amend this reading, *meo periculo.* H. R.

*Mal.* Macduff is missing, and your noble son.

*Rosse.* Your son, my lord, has paid a soldier's debt:  
He only liv'd but till he was a man;  
The which no sooner had he well confirm'd,  
In the unshrinking station where he fought,  
But like a man he died.

*Siw.* Then he is dead?

*Rosse.* Ay, and brought off the field: your cause  
of sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his worth, for then  
It hath no end.

*Siw.* Had he his hurts before?

*Rosse.* Ay, on the front.

*Siw.* Why then, God's soldier be he!

Had I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death:  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

*Mal.* He's worth more sorrow,  
And that I'll spend for him.

*Siw.* He's worth no more;

They say, he parted well, and paid his score:  
So, God be with him!—Here comes newer comfort.

*Re-enter MACDUFF, with MACBETH'S Head on  
a Pike<sup>z</sup>.*

*Macd.* Hail, King! for so thou art: behold, where  
stands

<sup>y</sup> The which no sooner had *his* *prowess* confirm'd.

*Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*

<sup>z</sup> —— with Macbeth's head on a *pole*. *Johnson. Steevens. Malone.*  
Military men carried pikes, but not poles, into the field.  
This criticism was suggested by my scene-shifter. *H. R.*

The usurper's cursed head: the time is free:  
 I see thee compass'd with thy kingdom's pearl,  
 That speak my salutation in their minds;  
 Whose voices I desire aloud with mine,—  
 Hail, King of Scotland!

*All.* Hail, King of Scotland! [Flourish.]

*Mal.* We shall not spend a large expence of time,  
 Before we reckon with your several loves,  
 And make us even with you. My Thanes and  
 kinsmen,

Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever Scotland  
 In such an honour nam'd. What's more to do,  
 Which would be planted newly with the time,—  
 As calling home our exil'd friends abroad,  
 That fled the snares of watchful tyranny;  
 Producing forth the cruel ministers  
 Of this dead butcher, and his fiend-like queen,  
 Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands  
 Took off her life:—This, and what needful else  
 That calls upon us, by the grace of Grace,  
 We will perform in measure, time, and place:  
 So thanks to all at once, and to each one,  
 Whom we invite to see us crown'd at Scone.

[Flourish. *Exeunt.*

THE END.









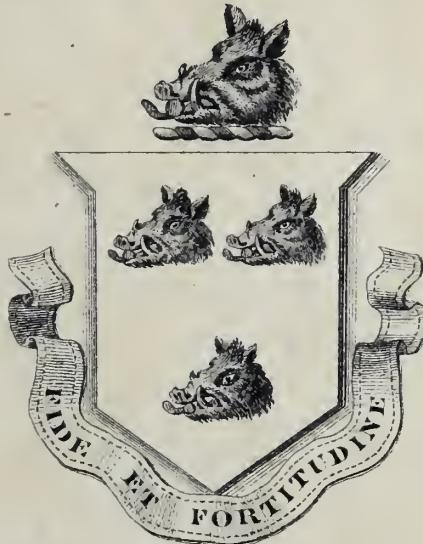




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